

# THE

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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## O, say have You seen when the Morning breaks?

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

O, say have you seen when the morning breaks,  
With its hues of crimson and gold,  
And its purple seams and amethyst streaks,  
As the pearly gates unfold?  
Have you felt the breath of the new born day  
Go straying and your hair?  
And watched the stars as they died away  
In the far off upper sphere,  
Nor said in your heart as the sun came on—  
O, Father, I praise thee for the bright dawn?

O, say have you seen when the day light dies,  
How the sun sinks red in the West,  
And the clouds loom up like isles of the skies  
In their ocean of eloquent rest,  
And the stars peep out, as the wings of the night  
Throw shadows o'er earth and sea,  
And have you not felt that the still twilight  
Had a beautiful melody,  
And the smile of God, that enkindled the day,  
Left it beautiful still when he took it away?

## Our Historical Gallery.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### GENERAL GREENE.

FIRST PAPER.—Concluded.

His first acquaintance with Dr. Stiles, his confidence and attachment had been effectually secured. A mutual friendship and esteem had been created which continued through life; and that he might be able to visit New Port as often as possible, which was now a paramount object with him, he made himself a skilful boatman, studied the navigation of the river and obtained the management of the shallop.

In his more frequent visits to New Port, he had a two-fold object in view: first, to procure more books; and then, to spend some time with his friend Dr. Stiles, who, on their first interview, had kindly taken him to his house and had, ever since, shown himself ready and willing to give him instruction. On one of these visits, he casually made the acquaintance of LINDLEY MURRAY, who was of a respectable Quaker family in New York City, and afterwards attained a world-wide celebrity by his English Grammar, which still maintains its ground. His father, being a man of more than ordinary intelligence and being sensible of the disadvantages under which his son labored for the want of educated members, had given his son ample means and better opportunities of improvement. Murray was then on a tour of visitation, or on business of some kind, relating to the Quaker Societies in that region; and Greene, much gratified with the acquaintance, took him to his father's house. Murray too found a congenial spirit in the miller and blacksmith; a strong and lasting intimacy was formed between them; and when they parted, Murray gave his young friend a cordial invitation to visit him, during the next winter, in New York, for which the latter craved and obtained his father's permission. At the time of his visit the Small-Pox was raging in the city and was regarded as a most formidable disease. No prophylactic and very little mitigation of its virulence had yet been discovered; and every one shunned it as he would the plague; but, as if conscious that he was destined not to spend his life in obscurity or on the banks of the Potomac, with a firmness and resolution not often found in one of his age, especially when all who could, were flying from the danger, Greene determined to be inoculated and passed through the disease without any permanent injury except a small defect in one eye. Thus, in his unremitting struggles with poverty and in the most ardent pursuit of knowledge, he lived until his twentieth year; but he was not a recluse, nor did he spend his leisure hours in gloomy abstraction from society. The mind needs relaxation as well as the body, and must be relieved from its tension, if it is only by a change of subjects. With his buoyancy of spirits, and his genial flow of good humor, he

was not likely to desert the companions of his youth, nor forego, at once, those sports which in the happy days of his ignorance he had found so pleasurable.

At his age, too, the instincts of youth strongly incline to communion with the other sex, and what is an original law of nature, neither can nor ought to be suppressed. It was the charm of female society which had drawn him to the dancing party and led him into many frivolities which otherwise would have had no attractions. Perhaps this was not to be regretted; for, at the age of eighteen or twenty, female society is the best safeguard to virtue and its influence for good, if under proper restrictions, cannot be overrated; but with his strong good sense and his intense desire for knowledge, his resort to such places was only for temporary recreation, and they were never suffered to interfere with his studies. By such a mind everything seems to have been estimated at its true value, and the passions, though in their full strength, were never allowed to control his reason, nor to supersede the claims of duty and the pursuit of higher objects.

The Spartan discipline of the father, aided by his own reflections and by the high gratification which he found in books, at length prevailed; and the frivolities in which he had occasionally indulged, were entirely abandoned. Approaching his physical and intellectual maturity, he seemed to become, every day, more conscious of his dignity and more thoughtful of the destiny which awaited him. He had long been among his coevals like a man among dwarfs; but now he was leaving them far behind and girding himself for the noble career in which he was soon to enter. The father, though disapproving of some things in his conduct, could not be insensible to the extent of his acquisitions, and perhaps, felt a little proud that he had a son who, without education or the advantages of intelligent society, was already commanding so much respect. Though he had a full brother and two half brothers older than himself, he was, by common consent, admitted to an equal share in the management of a business which had become too extensive for the supervision of one man. The Coventry mills were specially entrusted to his care, and he was in a great measure free from control. The father, too, was often from home on the business of his ministry, yet the common interest was as effectually promoted as when he was there and attending to it himself.

A full recognition of his responsibility is what makes a man; and Greene now proved to be a strict, but kind and prudent disciplinarian. The long-established regulations of the household were rigidly enforced and all submitted to his authority without a murmur. Every one felt that he was promoting the common welfare and all worked harmoniously without jealousy or discontent. In early life his reading was miscellaneous, necessarily so; but after his acquaintance with Dr. Stiles and young Murray, it became more systematic, thoroughly profitable, while he was still making every possible effort to increase his library, which now contained about three hundred volumes, quite a respectable affair for that age, especially for a young man, without education and engaged in the most laborious occupations of life; but they were well selected and had been so thoroughly studied that their treasures were all his own. His collection, at this time, contained the principal writers in what was then and is still called the Augustan age of English literature, such as Addison, Pope, Swift, Milton and others. With the fine thoughts and polished style of these authors, he was greatly delighted; and by the careful study of them he acquired a more refined taste and a better command of language. For a clear and manly style, Swift was his favorite, after whom he endeavored to copy, and his successful imitation of his model appears in all his letters and official communications. In the progress of a strong and well-balanced mind, history must become an absorbing study, as it did with him; and those who

knew him well and were competent judges, were surprised at the extent and accuracy of his historical knowledge. When he had a book in his library or within his reach, which he had not read, he never let a day pass without reading more or less; and even amid the most stirring scenes of the war, after the necessary arrangements had been made for the evening, he commonly read in his tent until midnight. During this time, he was also acquiring what is too often neglected, a fair and business style of chirography, and how many other things engaged his attention we know not; but by the death of his two half brothers, about this time, his father became involved in a complicated and difficult lawsuit. The old man, having no taste for such matters and he being confessedly more competent than any other belonging to the household, the superintendence of the whole business was promptly and cordially delegated to him, which made it very desirable, if not necessary, that he should become acquainted with the laws of the land and the forms of business. For this purpose he purchased Blackstone's Commentaries and other works then deemed necessary in the profession.

By the profound study of these works, he became pretty well versed in the great principles of law and government; and was also introduced to courts of law, and formed an acquaintance with gentlemen of the bar. He could not be otherwise than deeply interested in the arguments of counsel, the examination of witnesses and the decisions of Judges; nor was this all; for having become acquainted with lawyers and Judges, they were invited to his father's house, and he found this both a source of instruction and a means of improving his conversational powers. Every man of energy and enterprise is determined in his course and in every movement he makes by circumstances, over which he has no control; and though he may not be able, at the successive stages, to perceive the terminus, the result will prove the wisdom and goodness which arranged the whole. Young Greene became a lawyer, theoretically at least, and made the acquaintance of men in that profession, without intending it; but it became the means of introducing him to other scenes and other investigations of far greater importance.

The court house at East Greenwich was the place where politics and all subjects of general interest were discussed. Politics had hitherto engaged very little of his attention; for the religious tenets of his sect and the humble pursuit in which he was engaged, his age and his want of education, were such as to repress every thought of promotion or of notoriety; but he was now twenty-two years of age, when the famous Stamp Act began to be warmly discussed throughout the colonies; and to a subject so deeply affecting, the rights and the welfare of the community, he could not be indifferent. The standard authors on the Common and Constitutional law were quoted everywhere and on every occasion, in the papers and in the public assemblies. The connexion between these colonies and the mother country and the rights of the former as secured by their respective charters, were carefully investigated and compared with the proceedings of Parliament. The days of the commonwealth, or the Protectorate of Cromwell, were recalled and contrasted with the faithless and unjust measures of the present government, nor did they stop with discussions and resolves; but honest convictions were followed by resolute acts. In 1769, a British cutter was taken at New Port, and three years after, the Gaspee was burned in Providence river. Greene could not be a mere looker-on, and advancing slowly, step by step, in the discussions, he soon became a politician. With a mind, not fanciful or impulsive, but strong and practical, calm and investigating, he undertook to investigate the causes of complaint for himself, and soon took a desired stand for his country. In the circle of his friends and connexions, all of whom had literally descended from the persecuted followers of Gorton, and were ever ready to take fire at

the mention of persecuting measures, when the enlightened and elevated sentiments of liberty in the best days of Greece and Rome, were well understood and cherished with a patriotic ardor, he had his full share of enthusiasm and soon became the master-spirit.

With the sole management of the Coventry mills and an interest in their proceeds, he had more money at command without extra labor at the forge to earn it when he should be asleep, and he could take a little time, when he chose, to discuss the agitating topics of the day with the intelligent men around him. The questions discussed involved a resort to arms; and the shrill notes of the fife and the roll of the drum began to be heard more frequently than before. When any of the Greene family became Quakers is not known; but they were not all Quakers and few of them were rigidly so; for the former proprietor or partner of the Potowomet mills had recently sold out to the old preacher for the purpose of going as an officer in the Canadian war; and however rigid may have been the father's sentiments, none of his sons ever hesitated to brave the anathemas of the meeting, when the country called for their services. The subject of this sketch had not yet got clear of his early impressions, nor ventured to give full play to the military tendencies of his nature, but he had begun to kindle with the ardor which was spreading with such intensity over the land.

In 73, the colonies began in earnest to organize and discipline their militia and a grand parade was appointed near the Coventry mills, on the Connecticut side. The head of the family had denounced such parades as strongly as dancing or card playing; but, when the day arrived, the country was all in motion towards the gala scene; and Greene, unable to resist the impulse, mounted his horse and galloped off with the rest. There, he first saw a body of men "in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war;" and, from that time, like Ulysses of old, when he had seen the implements of war and heard the sound of martial music, his spirit was roused, and he rushed to the scenes of military preparation. The father remonstrated and the society threatened him with excommunication, but all in vain. His friend Dr. Stiles could not aid him in his present studies; but he procured military books, and, as he had done before, became his own mentor. Incidentally, the works of Marshal Turenne and Sharp's Military Guide were thrown in his way. From these and other sources, he had learned the names of other works, which he procured, and he soon had a handsome collection of such books. Plutarch's Lives and Caesar's Commentaries were his daily companions; and, with a military eye, he studied the history of sieges, battles and campaigns, in ancient and modern warfare. The vigilant eye of friends was upon him; and, under a charge of "attending places of public resort where he had no proper business," he was summoned to answer for his conduct. Moral suasion was fully tried and the door of repentance was, for some time, kept open; but when warnings and admonitions proved ineffectual, he was solemnly excluded from the privileges of membership "until he made satisfaction for his misconduct."

We need not say that he never made them any satisfaction; for, while he still professed to be a Quaker, he calmly and resolutely followed his convictions of duty. If he frequently had occasion afterwards to charge some of them with making their peace principles subservient to their avarice or their private interests, he always entertained for them a sincere respect and never neglected an opportunity of doing them a favor; but he could rise above their little peculiarities; and, when the great principles which lie at the foundation of everything good were at stake, he felt that, like an honest man, he must think for himself. With a clear discrimination, a sound judgment and a high appreciation of human rights, he justly preferred the perils and hardships of war to the more appalling evils of despotism. Intelligent Christians, of every name, denounce all war except that which is properly defensive, but

this is generally regarded as a duty. If considered in itself and a part from principles and results, it is a most horrid thing; nor did Gen. Greene and the people of this country resort to war for their sake; but there are other evils which are much greater and more to be dreaded. In any case, the evils of an ordinary war are, perhaps overrated at the time; for its ravages are soon repaired and the nation seems to rise from it with renewed life and vigor. The wars of Bonaparte, in which tens and scores of thousands were slain in a battle, and as many more were maimed and made wretched for life, looked like desolating Europe, yet in a generation, were it not for the tale of history, the world would not know that they had occurred; but, under an arbitrary government, stern and oppressive in its measures, and especially when it is supported by an established church, there is no end to the evils, either in extent or duration. When men are not allowed to judge for themselves in matters of religion, nor to worship God as they think right, nor to employ their powers for the advancement of their own welfare, their most important rights are trampled in the dust, and they suffer a most grievous wrong. They must lie under the most humiliating disabilities, or be strongly tempted every day to violate their own conscience, which cannot fail to produce disaffection to government and a general deterioration of morals. Then they are liable to be taken at any time and in greater numbers, by the caprice or ambition of their oppressor, to fight his battles at home or abroad, to perish on the ocean, or by disease, to suffer incredible hardships in other climes, or to bleed on the battle fields of other continents. If the martyr might give up his life at the stake rather than sacrifice his rights of conscience, why may not every man and why should not every man risk his life in defence of the same rights, and lay it down too, if need be, on the field of battle, especially when, by so doing he has a fair prospect of securing all the blessings of civil and religious freedom to countless millions, born and unborn? In this light the patriots of '76 and young Greene among them, seem to have viewed the subject, and they have been amply justified by the results.

At Coventry he led, for several years, a studious and retired life; but his habits of early rising, industry, temperance and frugality were preserved without change or abatement. His house was the abode of hospitality; and his library, both for variety and extent, was the admiration of all. No only politicians, but literary and scientific men were among his visitors, and they always left with conviction that he was "an extraordinary man." In 1779, he was chosen to represent his county in the Colonial Legislature; and, though he seldom spoke and then made no display of eloquence, such was his character for integrity, general information and soundness of judgment, that he commanded the respect and confidence of that body. With the dignified and unembarrassed manner of one who felt that he could rely on his own resources, when he did speak, it was to the purpose and always with effect. In cases of difficulty, he was regarded as authority, and he was usually appointed on the most important committees. He was one of the delegates sent into Connecticut to concert measures for the common defence, and there he had an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with Dr. Stiles, who was then President of Yale College. Had not his inclinations or his sense of duty led him another way he might have been distinguished as a politician; and such was his popularity that he continued to be chosen to the legislature by his constituents, even after he took the command of the army in the South.

The year 1774 was an eventful one in his history; for during it he enrolled himself a member of the Thurstish Guards, a corps of volunteers, composed of the most respectable young men in the country, and the Captain took the rank of Colonel. He offered for the *Lieutenancy*; but, owing, probably, to his Quaker dress and training, he was not elected; and then, like a true-minded patriot, he cheerfully took his place



in the rank and file. In July of the same year he married CATHERINE LITTLEFIELD, a young lady of respectable family, and then in her eighteenth year, handsome, sprightly and fascinating. Thus, with an influence which he had acquired by industry and economy, and surrounded by true-hearted friends whom his virtues had gained with an iron constitution and corresponding habits and self denial and endurance; with a knowledge of science and literature, of law and politics, which many college bred and professional men in the country might have envied, with a character for wisdom, integrity and patriotism which was yet unsullied, with a gainly exterior, a frame muscular, vigorous and well developed; and with manners at once dignified and courteous, but unassuming, he was prepared to enjoy the quiet pleasures of domestic life, to guide the counsels of his country, or to gird on his armor and stand as the bulwark of her defence. Such was Nathaniel Greene, when Mars began to assume a threatening aspect, and the notes of alarm and of preparation were heard in every direction.

#### THE NEW YEAR'S MAIL.

BY MRS. C. HUTCHINS.

Silent rolls the wheels of time,  
And never deviates from the line;  
O'er the rough and crooked ways,  
Never falters—never stays.  
Coming, coming—drawing near,  
The same old fashion'd charioteer,  
He shortens or prolongs the breath,  
Brings us life or brings us death.  
Hark! the merry bells are ringing,  
And the new year's post is bringing  
Foreign news from every clime,  
By telegraph of fifty-nine.  
At the office—what a meeting!  
Clergy men with sacred missions,  
Loud debating politicians,  
(On some petty speculation)  
Rising thousands—thousands staking.  
Merchants, fearing banks will fail,  
Anxiously await the mail.  
Farmers, too, have here convened,  
To learn the price of pork and beans;  
Idlers, forever croaking;  
Lovers, all excitement, waiting.  
Ho! the long expected mail.  
Welcome, *Times*, of North-Carolina;  
Welcome, precious treasure, mine,  
Truly thou art quite enchanting.  
In the rig of fifty-nine.  
Eight pages of superior type,  
Pre-eminently grand;  
Fine paper, too, of purest white,  
And Editors so bland.  
I think I'll ask a boon—'tis this:  
Keep my name forever on your list;  
Should I with life be blest,  
And you retain the power,  
Please send *The Times* to my address,  
'Till time shall be no more!  
Vermont.

#### THE LITERARY WORLD.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

WHILE IT WAS MORNING. By Virginia F. Townsend, 1 Vol. 12 mo., 1.25. New York: Derby & Jackson, 1859.

There is scarcely a work in modern fiction, that will take a more prominent rank, and more deservedly so, than this new novel by Miss Townsend. It is a graphic portrayal of the workings of human passions, and a faithful delineation of human life, under many of its varied phases. The story is told in a straight forward manner, in simple, yet eloquent and beautiful language, with a moral influence running through its pages, painted in colors the most noticeable and impressive. Miss Townsend has been associated, for the last few years, with T. S. Arthur, in the editorial management of *Arthur's Home Magazine*, during which time she has imbibed pretty freely the strong moral excellencies of Mr. Arthur's spirit, as is clearly manifested in this worthy novel. I have examined this work carefully, and regard it as one of the ablest novels that I have read in a long time. Its Christian character and moral bearing, are such that it may be read with pleasure, and entire safety by any body.

Mrs. E. PUTNAM.

Mrs. Putnam's RECEIPT BOOK, or the Young House-keeper's Assistant. Price, 75 cents. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This is one of the choicest collections of valuable receipts to assist the young house-keeper in the discharge of her domestic duties, that we know of. There is not a particle of sham about it; every receipt has been repeatedly proved to be good and genuine; and any person who desires a work of this character, and who does not? will do well to consult this excellent book.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LIFE THOUGHTS, gathered from the Extensive Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. By Edna Dean Proctor, 1 Vol. 12 mo., price \$1.00. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

One of the most unique and successful literary enterprises of the day, is this most unique and fascinating collection of literary gems, "that were not born to die." Mr. Beecher is pre-eminently one of the greatest men living, and he never expresses his views upon any subject, upon any occasion, but what he utters, more or less, thoughts worthy of an immortal fame. This volume, and which is

a store house of many of the ablest and best thoughts ever uttered by Mr. Beecher, is composed of the most noticeable and famous thoughts, uttered by him, in his pulpit, in Brooklyn, and reduced to writing, at the time of their utterance, by the editor. It has been published but a few months, and between 30,000 and 40,000 copies have already been sold, and with but little abatement in the demand for it. I have read it through twice, and have come to regard it as one of the best books in my library. I have marked about a hundred pieces for quotations, but must content myself, for the present, with the following, taken at random:

"If a man is odious in society, he might as well be in prison. The worst prisons are not of stone; they are of throbbing hearts outraged by an infamous life."

"A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it, else the hand would cut itself which sought to drive it home upon another. The worst lies, therefore, are those whose blade is false, but whose handle is true."

"In this world, full often, our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrows cast."

"A helping word to one in trouble, is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth—rolling prosperity."

"Many men carry their conscience like a drawn sword, cutting this way and that, but sheath it, and keep it very soft and quiet, when it is turned within, thinking that a sword should not be allowed to cut its own scabbard."

"A man ought to carry himself in this world as an orange tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden—wringing perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air."

"How sad is that field from which battle has just departed! By as much as the valley was exquisite in its loveliness, is it now sublimely sad in its desolation. Such to me is the Bible, when a fighting theologian has gone through it."

"We have the promises of God as thick as daisies in summer meadows, that death, which men most fear, shall be to us the most blessed of experiences, if we trust in Him. Death is unclaspings; joy, breaking out in the desert; the heart, come to its blossoming time! Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into flower?"

"The truest self-respect is not to think of self."

"When there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues."

"Doctrine is nothing but the skin of Truth set up and stuffed."

"A babe is a mother's anchor. She cannot swing far from her moorings. And yet a true mother never lives so little in the present, as when by the side of the cradle. Her thoughts follow the imagined future of her child. That babe is the boldest of pilots, and guides her fearless thoughts down through scenes of coming years. The old ark never made such voyage as the cradle daily makes."

"A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspirations; the other ambition. Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires."

"There are some who stand on a narrow strip of land between two dead seas, and drink their waters alternately. The past is filled with bitter regrets, and ghosts which will not be laid, but walk still to haunt them; and the future is filled with shadowy shapes, which beckon them forward to new suffering. There is a purgatory, and it is this; it is the point where good, despaired of, touches evils remembered."

"The great men of earth are the shadowy men, who having lived and died, now live again and forever through their undying thoughts."

"Of earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven, is the beating of a loving heart."

"There is nothing so fiendish as the conduct of a mean man, when he has the power to revenge himself upon a noble one in adversity. It takes a man to make a devil; and the fittest man for such a purpose, is a snarling, waspish, red-hot, fiery creditor."

"Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made, and forgot to put a soul into."

"There never was a ray of starlight in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; only the red glare of torches, ever lights its walls. So there are many men whose minds are Mammoth Caves, all underground, and unlighted, save by the torches of selfishness and passion."

"There is no tyranny more intolerable, than a conscience unrestrained by love. Like an ill-loaded gun, it recoils at the breech, and kills at the muzzle. A conscience unsubdued by love torments the owner, and bruises those upon whom he lets it loose."

#### AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Prescott's Life of Philip II.—Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions—North British Review—The December Blackwood—Christmas Hours—Willie Winkie's Nursery Songs of Scotland—Russell's Magazine—Life and Times of Isaac Backus—Arabian Days Entertainments—Mr. Thayer's New Book—New Volume of the Aimwell Stories.

The many admirers of our distinguished historian, Mr. Prescott, will welcome with admiration the continuation, (Volume III.) of his masterly history of Spanish rule in Europe, just published in a noble octavo volume uniform with his remaining works, by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, and Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. *The History of the Reign of Philip II. of Spain* will delight others than historical readers, or those who make a special study of the rise and fall of kingdoms. The continuous flow of the narrative, the varied powers of description, the stirring character of the events pictured, and the eloquence of the language, combine to give the work all the attractiveness of the most brilliant romance. Some of the ground in the present volume has already been gone over by the historian of the Dutch Republic, but the readers of Motley will find new delights in Prescott. Our historian exhibits remarkable skill in the arrangement and execution of his formidable task. Especially is he successful in his daguerreotypes of character, and panoramas of historical scenery. They are so spirited and vivid that they excite and fix the reader's attention simultaneously. The work should have a place in every household library, and will repay no inconsiderable sacrifices to obtain it.

Our second work of note issued within the past fortnight is a formidable duodecimo of 544 closely printed pages, from the very popular press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. This is *Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions*: By William Smith, author of *Athelwold*, a Drama, etc. A very remarkable book it is. It is a book to be read. Once English it is now American.

We introduce it without fear or affectation as a psychological phenomenon. There is truth here fringed with what, whether we will or not, looks like the gorgeous and mystic fictions of the inspiration of *Romance*. *Thorndale* is the history of a mind, of a soul—an invalid who, having retired to Mount Pasilipo, which, as the tourist well knows, commands the best view of the Bay of Naples, there meditates on life and death, and pours forth his soul in the noble utterances of this book. The highest order of humanity will find here a mirror of many of its moods; the earnest, deep-souled student of God and man, will find his perceptions quickened, and rise from its study (for it is a work demanding study) strengthened and refreshed; and the thoughtless and frivolous will learn here the importance of a rock immovable for a pilgrim's feet to rest upon, when the inevitable fate that is sared Charles Thorndale in the face comes inexorably upon him. Reader, if you never bought a book, buy *Thorndale*; and read, learn and carefully digest it.

The latest numbers of "Old Maga" and the Quarterly Reviews from the press of Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., N. York, are the December reprint of *Blackwood*, and the November instalment of the *North British Review*. Each completes a volume, and both are alike varied and entertaining. The former contains an unusual number of articles, and as a consequence is unusually sprightly and spicy. Short essays always hold better than lengthy ones the very essence of pungency and wit. There is a Cousin in the Japanese Waters; What Will he do with It; A pleasant French Book; The International Congress; The Indian Mutiny; Cousin John's Property; Sermons; and a review of Mr. Bright's famous scheme for universal suffrage in England, which the reviewer entitles *Bright Absurdities*. We should like to reply to his last article, but not having the room, must ask the reader to get the number and do it for himself. *The North British* also contains eleven masterly articles, very varied and entertaining, but we have not space to enumerate them. This review appeals with force to Christian readers. The celebrated Chalmers was one of its originators; and Isaac Taylor one of its first contributors. But it having been discovered that the latter was not "sound in the faith," Candlish, Cunningham and Hannasat in "council, solemn and sedate," and excommunicated him with "hell, book and candle." It has recently gone back to its first faith, and remains the great organ of evangelical literature. None of the Quarterlies is better worth the three dollars per annum charged for it, or with *Blackwood* the two may be had for five dollars. The whole five of these excellent reprints may be had for ten dollars, and now is the time to subscribe.

*Christmas Hours*, by the author of "The Homeward Path," and "Beginning and Growth of the Christian Life, or the Sunday School Teacher," is a pretty and pleasant little pious Christmas volume from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. It is got up in the beautiful style, rich binding, and tinted paper, characteristic of the publications of their house. It is pervaded by a sweet tone of religious sentiment and feeling; in composition it is pure, chaste and unaffected, rising at times to the perfectly beautiful; and as a little remembrancer to a friend, whether in the Christmas season or out of it, we know of nothing more beautiful or appropriate. The same publishers issue, in a style perfectly unique and splendid, a little volume entitled *Willie Winkie's Nursery Songs of Scotland*. We know of nothing more dainty than this little book. In typographical execution it is not excelled by the most pretentious volume of the season, and in every part of its mechanical getting up, tinted paper, gorgeous border, and fanciful decorations, the same aim of perfection has been striven at. The book is the result of an effort to elevate the rhymes of the nursery into a higher standard of excellence than the Mother Goose Melodies and the other prevailing superlative attainments of the infantile knowledge-box. The labor has been most successful; as high an authority as Lord Jeffrey having pronounced, as early as 1844, on the original Edinburgh edition, that "there are more touches of genuine pathos, more happy poetical images, and more sweet and engaging pictures of what is peculiar in the depth, softness and thoughtfulness of our domestic affections, in this extraordinary little volume, than I have met with in anything like the same compass since the days of Burns." The best wishes of the New Year go with this beautiful little volume.

The January number of that most excellent publication, *Russell's Magazine*, has just made its appearance—promptly, as usual, on the first of the month, and with an announcement from its editors' table that will secure or guarantee its prompt publication for an indefinite time to come. The friends of enterprise will be glad to learn that its continued existence, from a point that looks far ahead, is a fixed fact. To those cavaliers who doubt that the South is really determining to uphold this representative of their share of the "American idea," as the Atlantic calls it, we say we are ready to quarrel with them about it. So, as "now is the time to subscribe," let us all look to it in earnest.

The Baptist church history of this country does not enroll in its annals a more eminent name than that of the Rev. Isaac Backus, of New England, who died in 1806. An exceedingly interesting history of his life and the denomination to which he was attached, has just been published in a neat duodecimo volume from the press of Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, and Messrs. Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia. *A Memoir of the Life and Times of Isaac Backus*, is from the eloquent pen of the Rev. Alvah Hovey, Professor of Christian Theology in Newton Theological Institution. The facts bearing upon the early history of the denomination in this country, and the important part which the Rev. Mr. Backus took in the development of that history, are graphically traced in this entertaining volume, which, we trust, will be eagerly sought after by the lovers of religious progress in our country, of whatever persuasion. We are glad to see it hinted in the Preface that the volume is to be followed by a new edition and new arrangement of Backus' *Ecclesiastical History*.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, publish an elegant 12mo. volume, *Arabian Days' Entertainments*, from the German, by Herbert Belham Curtis: with fine illustrations by Hopkin. It is a very entertaining collection of Arabian stories, like those of Arabian Nights, but shorter, and freed from the objectionable features of its great prototype. Miss Pardoe, who, as everybody knows, has travelled in the East, and written a book about Constantinople, has spoken with admiration of these Oriental stories. They are rich in the elements of interest and entertainment; are pleasantly and at times brilliantly narrated; and abound, as Arabic tales are wont to do, in the wonderful and supernatural. They inculcate moral lessons, have been carefully selected from the works of various Oriental scholars, and do honor in the translation to the taste and talents of Mr. Curtis. The volume should be widely circulated.

Mr. Thayer, the author of that invaluable book for boys, "The Poor Boy and Merchant Prince," has just written, and Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, published *The Poor Girl and True Woman*, designed as a companion to the former work. The sub-title, "Elements of Woman's Success drawn from the Life of Mary Lyon and Others," will explain the excellent character of the book. The author commends the volume to "girls from eight to eighteen," but it may be studied with profit by women from eighteen to eighty. Lady readers, read it!

The same publishers issue the usual annual volume of the "Aimwell stories." This year it is a *Jessie*; or, *Trying to be Somebody*, and an entertaining little volume it is. These "Aimwell Stories" have fairly come to rival the Rollo Books in the affections of the young people. "We hardly think a better series of books for children was ever written," says the *Youth's Companion*, and says the *Connecicut School Journal*, "We strongly commend them as among the very best and most interesting volumes ever pre-

pared for the young." The author has successfully studied the feelings and idiosyncrasies of children, and every family of youth should possess this series of books. From *Jessie*, the publishers have issued a new game (put up in a neat box entitled *Peter Coddle's Trip to New York*).

#### Thoughts on my old Home.

BY JENNIE.

While silently musing on my past life, the many pleasures long since passed away, the way all must go, even we ourselves are fast hastening on to eternity, as upon all things 'tis indelibly written, "passing away;" and while thus meditating upon the various and changing scenes of life, 'tis then the thought which seems most impressed upon my mind, is that of my old, though pleasant home; and the endearments that ever linger near, the thought how pleasant Ah! yes, 'tis with the most profound pleasure that I look back on the many happy hours I have spent there, months, and even years, and from the deepest recesses of my heart, can I say, most of the time was pleasant. The evening walks, the many rambles over hill-top and valley, the well known path I have so often traveled to and from our little country school house, with its brown walls and dusky roof, yet none the less lovely; many a happy day I have spent there, with my little schoolmates, and watchful Teacher, that can never be forgotten, until this heart shall cease to throb; nay, indeed, those ties can never be broken. And O! when I think of my old home, I would that I could have language to express the delightful recollections of those happy days; but they have left a lovely image on the bright pages of memory. The evening fireside that we have sat round so often, with friends and relatives, many of whom are now far away in other lands, where I can only visit them on fancy's wing; while others have bid a final adieu to all those endearing objects of interest in sublunary things; their bodies now lie cold in the silent embrace of Death, and their immortal spirits have winged their flights to their eternal home, where are brighter joys than earth can give.

But now alas! the home I once occupied is mine no more, it is now another's; yes, the garden with all its flowers, there are the evergreen honey-suckles, so beautifully twined about the railings with such delightful fragrance, me thinks I see them now, and there are various other kinds. Here I have spent many hours in carefully cultivating and training the delicate tendrils of creeping vines and budding flowers. But ah! 'tis all as a dream, the green mossy meadows, the wild wood and valley I claim no longer. Yet O! how pleasant to the mind, when retired, in solitude, and the heart feels sad and lonely, to think of my old home, to meditate, on such scenes; how it cheers up my gloomy pathway through life.

But why pine over scenes so long past, when I now have another comfortable little home, though neither grand, nor lofty, yet, nevertheless, humble and pleasant, surrounded by many kind friends and relatives. Then should I not be contented and happy, when I have such a home? with kind parents there to assist me, whose voices have ever counseled me in the path of duty, and who, when weary with the duties of life, in the sad hours of affliction, have stood by my bedside and watched over me many a lone and weary night when all others were wrapped in unconscious slumber; then have I not a happy home yet, when all our band is yet unbroken. But Oh! how soon may be missed from our circle a kind Father or loving Mother, I know not; or perhaps a dear sister or little brother.

But in humble reliance upon that kind and merciful Being who watches over infancy and age, would I willingly commit myself and our home.

The task of getting the Great Eastern ready for sea will commence probably about the middle of this month, and to finish in every respect will require five months from the day the work begins. In all probability, therefore, the Great Eastern will be filling up with coal and stores, and making ready for her first great trips by mid-summer.

A dog fight came off in Troy on Tuesday, and one of the poor brutes fought until he fell dead. A large number of brutes looked on.



## Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17th., 1859.

Senator Douglas—His reception in the Metropolitan—Death of Gen. Henderson—Congressional News—Commodore Paulding and the filibusters—The Pacific Rail Road bill in the Senate—The first Levee—The coldest day.

In accordance with the belief which I expressed some weeks ago, Senator Douglas wisely chose to delay making his appearance in the Federal Capitol, until the question of his re-election had been decided by the Illinois legislature. As soon, however, as the telegraph announced that his seat in the Senate was secure for six years longer, we heard that his triumphal march towards Washington had begun. After being feasted, toasted and serenaded by disinterested gentlemen in the principal cities through which he passed, on a dark foggy night he arrived here. His friends had previously announced their intention, to give him an enthusiastic reception, but their efforts resulted in a ridiculous failure. Some two hundred persons without music or lights, congregated about his residence, whence, after some shouting, the Senator emerged and delivered a short speech. The crowd then gave some feeble cheers and dispersed. Such was the welcome given by Washington, to the "little Giant."

Brigadier General Archibald Henderson of the Marine Corps, died suddenly last week at the Navy Yard in this city. He was universally respected as a brave and veteran officer; the whole of the District Military, Volunteers and Regulars, attended his funeral.

In Congress a great number of private bills have been passed during the last two weeks. In the House of Representatives the question of approving or condemning the conduct of Commodore Paulding in arresting the filibuster Walker, came up on Tuesday, and, after a long discussion, the whole subject was laid upon the table by a decided vote.

In the Senate, the discussion of the Pacific Rail Road bill, has been resumed, and there is but little prospect of any definite action being taken upon it. The chief bone of contention in the matter, seems to be the choice of route. The Abolitionists advocate a northern route, the fire-eaters a southern; while moderate men, are generally in favor of one centrally located. It is scarcely probable that the friends of any of these routes, will be able to carry through the bill.

The first Levee of President Buchanan for the winter season, took place last Tuesday, and was attended by a very large and fashionable throng. The President looked extremely well, and Miss Lane the hostess of the White House, did the honors with her wonted grace.

Monday last was the coldest day felt in this vicinity for many years. The cold snap has now, however passed off, and the air is as balmy as in Spring.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Jan., 17th, 1859.

Exciting times in the Legislature—Casualties in the city—Mr. Miller's lecture—Bank of Charlotte—Distinguished strangers—City election.

Dear Times:—The proceedings of the two Houses increase in interest; they have had very exciting times in both; in the Senate, the chief actor has been Mr. Turner, of Orange; in the lower House your representative, Ex Gov. Morehead, the gallant and unflinching advocate of the Danville Connection. The Senate sat until after 12, on Saturday night, engaged in some very sharp talk, over the nomination of county magistrates and next came the privileged explanations, crimination and recrimination, vilification and abuse, worthy of the Halls of Congress. Messrs: Turner, Bledsoe, Leach, Causey and others made some very strong motions towards abusing each other, but it is much to be hoped that now all their bad feelings towards each other have been talked off and that the Journals of that grave and dignified body will henceforth tell a better tale. The Coal Fields R. R. Bill, having been killed by the casting vote of the Speaker, is to be reconsidered on Wednesday next; the vote was 27 to 13. The Bill to charter the Bank of North Carolina is the special order for Thursday next. Miscellaneous matters have occupied the balance of their time, but little progress having been made in any.

The House has ordered evening sessions, commencing at 7 o'clock; they have been principally occupied during the past week with the Danville connection. After many able and ingenious speeches from Messrs. Morehead, D. F. Caldwell, Settle and Walser in favor, and Messrs. Bridgers, Dortch, Green, Bullock and Ward against, the debate has been closed; it was the longest and most ably conducted of the whole session. Of course the Ex-Gov. has been "first among the foremost;" bravely has he stood the shock, like a rock amid the storm, and throwing back the waves of wordy strife that struggled around him;

"The torrent roared;" and he did buffet it  
"With lusty sinews;" throwing it aside  
"And stemming it with heart of controversy."

The Bill was finally rejected on Saturday last, by a very decided majority. Mr. Caldwell of Guilford has withdrawn his Bank Bill; the Salisbury Bank Bill, with a branch at Statesville, has passed its second reading; Gov. Morehead has introduced a Bill to incorporate the Greene Monument Association; Mr. Dancy one to give the State Agricultural Society one Thousand Dollars additional, making \$2,500 per annum. Quite a liberal appropriation has been made for the use of the Governor, near \$3,000; his mansion is to be repaired, painted, provided with gas &c.; it certainly needs a good deal of improvement to be worthy of the State; the whole affair should be taken down and a modern residence put up. Our friend, Mr. Percival, would doubtless be willing to undertake the job for a "consideration." We have heretofore neglected to mention that this gentleman has planned a Court House for Caswell County, that is in every respect a long way superior to any in the State. It is rumored that he intends sending to England for his family and taking up his abode among us.

Our City papers present quite a formidable list of casualties, including a shocking murder, on Tuesday night last. The perpetrator was held to bail in the sum of \$500 by Judge Saunders; it is said that he has twice been before Court and on both occasions has been excused on the ground of imbecility or insanity; it is certainly a proper time now, to adopt stringent measures, whereby he may be prevented from doing any more harm. If we improve on our present rate of progression, we propose a "fighting column" shall be set apart in the papers, sacred to those fire and fury epistles, we often see floating about, and another for the murders, suicides, Railroad hecatombs &c; while still another may contain the accidents, run away matches and such like. We think this plan a good one, and must really make a note of it, to digest it at our leisure; as matters stand at present the newspapers are too highly spiced to suit the taste of the general reader.

As we predicted, Mr. Miller's lecture was thronged by the elite of the City; it was very well received and was in all respects a master piece of elegant elocution, worthy of his well established fame. Among a number of sketches that come thronging back on our memory, we recall with a thrill of pleasure the enchanting picture he drew of a modern Parthenon, containing the Heroes of modern times. With a single touch he successively limned out the character of each and when he pointed to him, who was and ever will be "First in our hearts" and in a few words told us how immeasurably superior he was to all about him, a spontaneous re-echo went through the assembly and broke forth in a burst of applause. The net receipts were about \$110, including a \$4 counterfeit bill; who put that in as his "contribution to the Memory of Washington?"

The Bank of Charlotte has issued beautiful notes of a cherry red, they are entirely new plates and most perfect specimens of the engraver's art; they are from the famous burin of Toppin, Carpenter & Co; the fives and tens we have seen and approve them highly; we think of asking some of our good friends to send us a \$50 bill just by way of a keepsake; they are too pretty to spend.

Miss Dix, of world wide fame, and Hon. Philo White and Lady, late U. S. Minister to Ecuador, are staying with their friends in this city.

At our charter election held to day Mayor Harrison beat his competitor, W. D. Haywood, 85 votes.

Yours &amp;c., P. S. S.

THE GREENSBORO TIMES.—Our enterprising contemporaries, Messrs. Cole and Albright, have taken a step in the right direction. Their paper comes to us in new form and dress, and certainly is entitled to rank as a first class Family Paper, both as regards the intrinsic merit of the articles, and for typographical neatness. It contains forty columns of matter, arranged in eight pages, each surrounded by a neat border. There is no pandering to a vitiated taste; every article is of a moral tendency, and calculated both to interest and instruct. The Times requires no Barnumising, nor \$10,000 articles to puff it into notoriety. Chaste and refined matter will be its best recommendation. Terms, \$2 per annum, in advance.—Fayetteville Carolinian.

The Governor of Ohio has made a requisition on Governor Wise of Virginia, for the extradition of a fugitive from justice, of Mr. Chidister, charged with stealing a horse in the former State. Shortly after the warrant had been issued by Gov. Wise, he received a letter from Chidister, begging his Excellency to have nothing to do with the demands of the abolitionists. The letter is a curious affair, but it is written with considerable force. It takes the ground that, as the people of Ohio were stealing negroes from the South by means of the underground railroad, we of the South have the right to use a horse or two belonging to Ohio.—Western Democrat.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY PEE DEE.

The opinion prevails that it is other neighborhoods than your own, which are infested by lawless men and desperadoes. A man is slow to acknowledge that in his immediate community, there are reckless characters, who would not hesitate to commit crimes, the most outrageous—and is yet persuaded, that not far off, might be found such persons in abundance.

It was with some such feeling as this, that I in the fall of 1849, started from one of the middle counties of this State, with the intention of making a trip to the west, and north west. I had always lived in a remarkably quiet and peaceable section of the country; the worthy citizens very seldom indulging in the luxury of even a respectable fist and skull fight. But I had always heard, and fully believed, that the mountains in the western part of Virginia, were inhabited by an organized band of highway robbers, and murderers. I was to travel on horse-back alone,—and my course lay exactly over these mountains, and among these cut-throats. I was unarmed,—had two or three hundred dollars in clean cash about my person,—supposed every body I met knew I had it, and calculated that the chances were decidedly against my ever getting through alive, with such an enormous pile of money.

One night I was compelled to stop at an unpretending looking log house on the roadside, where outside appearances indicated very ordinary accommodations indeed. The house had two rooms, with an open passage twelve or fifteen feet wide between them. In this passage, the "man of the house," was engaged in making or mending shoes. When I hailed he came out, took my horse, and invited me to walk in. I was met at the door by a kind looking elderly woman, who offered me a chair, and ordered a dwarfish, sunburnt negro child, to bring fresh water for the "gentleman to wash." The family, so far as I could discover, consisted of these three persons—the man, his wife and the pumpkin colored negro. While eating a real good supper, I scrutinized them closely. The man did not certainly look like a person who killed people for their money, and then eat them to hide his guilt. He said he made a living by cultivating the small farm on which he lived, and making shoes for his neighbors at "odd times;" trading and trafficking with the movers who passed the road, and entertaining travelers. All this, and more, he told me with an air of the greatest sincerity; and if I had heard it in any other place I should no doubt have believed it—but I was resolutely bent on being murdered somewhere along there—and looked upon this man, notwithstanding his plausible talk, as being entirely capable of committing that terrible deed. The landlady would have made a favorable impression upon me if I had not been positively certain that I was out of a civilized, and in a savage country. She spoke and acted kindly and hospitably. She asked me if I left behind a father, mother, brothers and sisters,—and if I had relations and acquaintances away where I was going. Told me I had a long, lonely journey before me—that I would see high mountains, broad rivers, pretty villages and strange faces in abundance, before I reached my destination. Said she saw people nearly every week from that distant country—they had moved west with the hope of mending their fortunes—had been unfortunate,—sickness had overtaken them, and, having left a portion of their loved ones buried on the banks of the Miami or Wabash, were now mournfully wending their way back to their old homestead in Carolina. She continued to talk in this way until bed-time, when she lit a candle and told her husband to show me where I was to sleep. He asked me to follow him into the next room. After placing the light on the table, he seemed to hesitate and linger before quitting the room, in a way quite suspicious to say the least of it. When he had reached the door, he turned round and said, that his sons had gone that evening to a neighbor's house where they were to meet other young men to join them in a fox chase. They would be back sometime during the night, and would have to pass through my room in going up stairs to bed. "You will, therefore," said he, "please not fasten the door on the inside, that they may get in without disturbing y'u." He then bid me good night and left.

Thinks I told fellow you are sailing under your true colors at last. This explains every thing, and this God forsaken looking habitation is to be the termination of my earthly career. The plan evidently was for me to leave the door open so that his sons could enter my room when they returned and dispatch me while asleep. I remember thinking at the time that it was the most flimsy subterfuge to cover such a diabolical crime that I had ever heard of. I went to bed, however, determined to await the result with as much courage and composure as I could command. I didn't sleep, but lay there in a state bordering on distraction for two mortal hours. At the end of that time, I heard persons in the

yard, and as they entered the passage, the door of the other room opened softly. It was a woman's voice I heard. "Don't make a noise," she said, "in going through the room—there is a traveler in there. Poor boy, he must be greatly fatigued, for he has rode a long ways."

I drew a long breath—turned over, and in ten minutes, I think, I was sound asleep.

## Interesting Scrap of History.

An intelligent correspondent of the Vicksburg, (Miss.) True Southron, furnishes a narrative, well told and authenticated, which will be interesting to the reader:

It is often remembered that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, and it is even thus in the story following, and which is so well authenticated that it is woven in the history of our country. In the year 1674, two brothers of Oliver Cromwell left England for America, and settled in Woodbridge, New Jersey. Thence they removed and settled in Halifax county, North Carolina. Their names were John and Edward Cromwell, and they and their ancestors were originally called Cromwell. They fled from England to seek an asylum in America from the political storms that then impended over the name and house of the Protector.—While on their voyage to this country, being apprehensive that persecution would follow them from the adherents of Charles, II, then on the throne of England, they determined to change their name; which was done with much solemn ceremony, by writing their names each on paper, and each cutting from the paper the letter M and casting it into the sea.

The family pedigree on parchment recording these facts, with many others relating to the family, was with them in North Carolina in an ornamental chest with other things of value, when a party of Tarleton's Legion, in 1789, marauding through that part of Carolina, seized the chest and carried it off. These facts are undoubted. From the memory of the family the record was again made up and is still preserved among them. In the emigrants of Carolina, the proud aspiring blood of Cromwell found repose. The furious political billows of Old England tossed them on our pure and virgin shores. It is said that these brothers had no participation in the political disturbance of their country, or the bloody work of their brother; and in the peaceful and quiet shade of Halifax county, far from political strife and bloodshed, they sat securely under their own "vine and fig tree." Truly the beautiful and exquisite lines of Gray were here fully realized:

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Edward Cromwell, the son of this Edward who emigrated from England, removed to Georgia and married Miss Rauburn, a sister of Geo. Rauburn. He had a large plantation on Flint river; lived in retirement and was a modest unobtrusive character. He had several children, among whom was Col. John Cromwell, formerly a member of Congress from Ga., and for several years Indian Agent. He dwelt in a magnificent residence at Fort Mitchell, near the Chattahoochee river, and not distant many miles from Columbus. The story of their ancestors is still told in the family, but not boasting, for they are a peaceful, quiet people, who oppose every tendency to ostentation. The writer of this has been often, when a child, at the house of Col. Cromwell, and never remarked any peculiarity in the family, although they had such a famous uncle as "Old Noll." Reference for these facts can be obtained in part from the history of North Carolina, where they are well authenticated.

IMPORTANT HINT IN WASHING CLOTHES.—The American Agriculturalist asserts that the great secret of success of nine out of ten of the washing fluids, mixtures, and machines which have been sold over the country for many years past, is not owing so much to the inherent qualities of the article themselves as to the process of soaking, which they invariably recommend. If people pursuing the old fashioned system of washing will simply take the precaution to throw all the clothing to be washed into water ten or fifteen hours before beginning operations they will find half the labor of rubbing saved in most cases. Water is of itself a great solvent, even of the oily materials that collect upon clothing worn in contact with the body, but time is required to effect the solution. Every one is aware of the effect of keeping the hands or feet moist for a few hours—the entire external coating of secretion is dissolved. The same effect is produced by soaking for a few hours clothes soiled by the excretory matter of the skin.

Professor J. L. Reynolds, of the South Carolina College, has consented to pronounce the address at Columbia, S. C., on the celebration of the "Burns Centenary," on the 25th inst.

The Hon. Wm. F. Sampford, well known in Alabama as a brilliant and able writer, has taken charge of the Auburn (Ala.) Signal, formerly Auburn Gazette.

## The Meaning of a few Words.

BY PROF. E. F. ROCKWELL.

We are often using words the full meaning of which we do not understand. A word may have a curious and interesting biography.

The ancients, in the curing of diseases, depended very much upon external applications; and some one has remarked that there is no case mentioned in the Bible of a remedy administered internally. Olive oil was often employed; as we see Jas. 5: 14, "anointing him (the sick person) with oil in the name of the Lord." Mark 6: 13, "and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them." Compare Luke 10: 34.

Now we read often in the old Testament, of Baal, or Bel, the name of one of the chief deities of the Phœnicians and Babylonians, representing the Sun or the planet Jupiter. This name is incorporated into many proper names; as, Beelzebub, Haniel, Hasdrubal, &c. It means, god, king, lord, &c. The Hebrew word for oil, fat, ointment, is *shemen*; and if we combine the two, we shall have King-Oil, Lord-Oil; or King of oil, &c., meaning sovereign remedy, panacea.

We have then the word Baalshemen; contracted, first, Balsamum, then Balsam, then Balm; contracting the former word, and dropping all but one letter of the latter. And this is not an oil, but a kind of liquid gum, of the consistency of oil, and applied medicinally in the same way. Hence the inquiry in Jer. 8: 22. "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"

This was formerly produced in Judea, and obtained by incision in the bark of the tree, in the same way as a similar gum-resin is obtained in Haywood county, N. C., and called by the same name, balsam.

The ancient balsam was "so dear that it sold for double its weight in silver." The original name has furnished us with a term which in modern times, has a great variety of applications, as may be seen by consulting Webster's Quarto Dictionary at the words, Balsam, Balm.

The names of wild animals were, no doubt, originally, if not pictorial, descriptive of their forms, habits, notes, &c., which have faded away and are now unnoticed. How many persons, at this season of the year, are engaged in destroying, and often for mere sport, that little rodent animal, the squirrel, who cannot tell the reason of that name; though they have seen that about it, from which it takes the name, a thousand times. "It is derived from the circumstance of the tail serving, as it were, to shade the body."

In Greek *skia-oura*, in Latin *sciurus*, and then diminutive, *sciurulus*, a squirrel—an animal that uses its tail for an umbrella!

Nearly every one is familiar with the sound made in calling swine, *chuk! chuk!* But not every one knows that this "is the original name of that animal which our ancestors brought with them from Persia, where it is still in use. Our ancestors while in England, adopted the Welsh word, *hog*; but *chuk*, is retained in our popular name of *woodchuk*, that is, *wood hog*." See Webster's Dictionary.

So the word *Koh*, used in calling cows, is the Persian word for cow. And Webster remarks; that "it is remarkable that our farmers have retained the exact pronunciation of this word from the earliest ages." In Latin we have *eva*, which if the C is sounded like K, and the v, like w, will—Kew. But the regular Latin word is *vaca*, which is our word reversed, *caw*. And when the milk-maid wants the cow to stand still to be milked, what does she say? So! so! the same word all over the country.

When a person wants to drive fowls away from any place, he says, *shoo! shoo!* Now this is a most ancient way of doing it; for if we look at the original of Gen. 15: 11, we shall see that Abraham used the same word when he drove the fowls away from the sacrifice. One commentator says that "*he puffed them away*;" i. e. by swelling his cheeks with his breath and blowing at them." Ainsworth renders it, "huffed them away."

The form, and sound of the word, *shoo*, is almost exactly the same as the original Hebrew.—N. C. Journal of Education.

HEAVY ROBBERY.—A negro trader named D. McKay, from North Carolina, was seized by two men in Montgomery, Ala., on the 24th ult., and robbed of \$2,300 in cash, and \$8,000 to \$10,000 in drafts. Two men have been arrested on suspicion, but without the money.

PURCHASE OF CUBA.—The Democratic members of the Senate, on Saturday last, generally agreed in caucus, to support the President's proposition to negotiate for the purchase of Cuba. Bills appropriating thirty millions of dollars for that purpose are to be reported to both Houses this week.

MASONIC.—It will be interesting to the members of the Masonic fraternity to learn that the union of the two Grand lodges of Canada has been recognized by the Grand Lodge of England.



## THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Jan. 22, 1859.

C. C. COLE,  
J. W. ALBRIGHT. } Editors and Proprietors.

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## Public Instruction in N. C.

The Medical Society of North Carolina, in a memorial recently presented to the Legislature of this State, have expressed the wish, that some day there may be in this commonwealth an officer, appointed by public authority, to discharge the functions of a Minister of Public Instruction.

This expression of their wish has revived in our mind a train of thought, which we had long ago laid aside as involving measures we had judged beyond the hope of attainment in our day. We had contemplated a general system of education for the people of this State—a scheme, which embraced all the departments and varieties in that great and universal interest, and was designed to bring them all under one control, and so make them subject to like and uniform influences, and give them the needful unity and effect. We have, after many years' delay, and many random experiments, and much failure and mortification, given system and energy to one department, by appointing a "Superintendent of Common Schools." We have hoped that the time would come when our people would be wise enough to insist on, and our Legislature free enough from local and partisan jealousies, to order an extension of this plan to all the schemes and methods of education among us, by giving to a single person, or a suitable commission, authority to oversee, and regulate, and continue all Institutions of learning, and all persons engaged in instruction, however high or low the Institution, however wise and experienced the teacher; to make them all parts of a common system, each working, in due subordination, in its place, and all, by virtue of a common consciousness of an end one and the same to all, tending, in mutual helpfulness and co-operation, to the same great and beneficent issues: and, in this way, to infuse into the whole and every part the living energy that comes from a common, over-ruling purpose, a single, pervading principle, and one, every where active, and prevailing well. Such a system is worthy of North Carolina, a proud day will it be for her, and one that shall fill her heart with glorious visions, that shall see it entered on, and the way made ready for its accomplishment.

We are not aware that the system of education which we have in mind has been fairly developed in any of the States of the Union. There is a Board, entitled the Regents of the University, established in New York, which has the oversight of all the Academies and Colleges there, and receives from each of them an annual

report of its condition and doings. The common Schools, however, are entrusted to a separate Superintendent.

In the comparatively new State of Michigan there is a very similar system in operation. The schemes of Public Instruction which prevails in Prussia corresponds very well, in its outlines, to the scheme we desire to suggest. The same, or one very like it, also is acted on nearly throughout the Empire of Austria; where too, truth compels us to add, the method was originated. It is not creditable to our republican pride, or agreeable to our democratic self-complacency, to learn that a government, which is commonly held up, among us, to public execration, as an unmitigated despotism, should so far excel us in a wise and active interest in the education of the people. Generally, indeed, on the continent of Europe, among the several departments into which, for practical convenience, the functions of the government are distributed, side by side with that of Foreign Affairs, and of the Interior, is that also of Public Instruction. It is strictly co-ordinate with them: of equal dignity, and surely of no less service: as eagerly sought as they, and its duties as faithfully discharged, and by men of as high character and ambition. In France this place has been occupied, and that as the summit of their political aspirations, by such men,—of so high merit, and world-wide fame—as Cousin, and Salvandy, and Villemain.

In Europe each country has its peculiar system,—like those of the other States in the general, perhaps, yet in many points also—adjusted to the character of its condition. So it should be with us. Yet the most of our States have done hardly more than take the first step in the right direction, in that too almost copying each other. The great difference between us and them is that there the Government has taken upon itself the charge of general education, while we have left it almost entirely to individual enterprise. We fear that a comparison of results would by no means certainly prove our method to be the best.

Is it not a fair question, one which our legislators and our people may well agitate, whether it is not the duty of our State to take upon itself the business of regulating Public Instruction? And by this phrase we mean not Common Schools only, but every means and institution of general education among us from the University downward. The details of the system would, of course, demand much deliberation, and perhaps experience. Whether this great, general interest should be entrusted to a single minister, or to a Commission, to what extent its authority should be coercive, &c., are questions for after-discussion. But it is certainly a most grave question, which our wise men ought seriously to consider, this of the duty of the State, in its public capacity, to undertake the work.

We may well doubt whether private enterprise and private resources can ever prove equal to it. Without the interposition of public authority we must expect always to go on in the slipshod way of to-day, and of the last hundred years. To our thinking, one thing seems clear, that if in our plan of popular education uniformity is desirable, if it is best for all the interests concerned in it, that all the institutions, the highest and the lowest, should be parts of one system, there is no way—or no way so effectual—of reaching that end, as by the authorized, regular, responsible interposition of the State. Then would the true relation be paternal and filial, and not "Kings" only prove "nursing fathers" to their people.

Our flatterers will tell us anything sooner than our faults, or what they know we do not like to hear.—Richardson.

## Normal College.

As several movements of importance to the College and to the public, are in progress; and we presume not generally known or understood, perhaps a general expose of operations may be of interest to the reader; we were much interested in learning the facts.

It is probable that no Institution was ever so completely misunderstood, or so foolishly assailed as Normal College has been. It sprang into existence without any great proclamations and puffs; it grew up quietly, steadily and firmly.

It was backed up by no exterior influence, its managers brought to it no previously acquired reputation, its patronage was mainly limited to those whose influence is limited. It was from the first assailed with every weapon of ridicule, sarcasm and malignant apposition, and so far as we know, neither the College nor its friends have ever taken any pains to repel these assaults. Amid all these things the officers of Normal, have exhibited an enlarged liberal spirit; they have acted kindly towards all others, and if sometimes stung to the quick, they have shown more than common forbearance. The bitterest enemies of Normal must admire her; every North Carolinian knowing her intimately, must feel that her existence is an honor to the state. There she stands, look at her. University influences, Church zeal, Masonic obligations, and moneyed power, have swept round and occupied the whole land, and yet not an Institution in the State is more thoroughly established in public confidence than Normal College.

It is true that this College is now supported by one of the most powerful churches in the State, but it must not be supposed that this alliance either made the College or was a necessary condition of its continuance. Yet the union was most fortunate in every sense, and will vastly benefit both the contracting parties; the influence of the College will be greatly enlarged, and her equipments will be surpassed by none in the country. It is well known that Normal belongs to the N. C. Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. At the late session of the Conference at Newberne, two agents, Rev. John N. Andrews and Rev. J. B. Martin, were appointed to raise \$50,000 for the College. From the known energy and ability of the agents, the wealth of the Methodist Church, and the general favor of the public, we conclude this \$50,000 will be raised in a short time. It is understood that Mr. Andrews will operate in the East and Mr. Martin in Southern part of the State, during the spring; during the summer and fall both agents may be expected in the hill country. They take contributions in cash or bonds, sometimes making addresses in public, but most generally visiting the people at their homes.

The plans of the Trustees are somewhat as follows:—To erect in roomy and substantial style, buildings sufficient to afford rooms for about 200 students; this with what is already there will accommodate about four hundred.

When this is accomplished, board including washing, fuel, servant hire and large elegant rooms, will not cost more than \$8. per month. The plan by which this will be accomplished, is one of the most skillful pieces of arrangement of the day. Two splendid collections of minerals &c., one in Europe and one in this country, are in progress, and will be brought to the College as soon as the requisite rooms are finished. The department for Agricultural Chemistry, and Civil Engineering, both in apparatus and arrangements, will be one of the most complete ever established at any place. All the other departments and equipments will be of the best character. The very best ability of the land, is brought to bear upon these mat-

ters, and whilst economy will be duly regarded, neither money nor time will be spared in the outfit of the Institution. Meantime a bill is before the Legislature to change the name to Trinity, and to change the charter in other respects, suitable and appropriate for one of the great Southern Colleges. Much parade has been made over Wafford, Emory, the Southern University, Auburn &c., but it is very certain that none of them is superior to Normal, and the probability is that none of them will ever surpass Trinity. Every man who prefers a Methodist Institution or who is indifferent to the denominational character of the College he patronizes, will find, at Normal or Trinity, all he can desire as to cheapness, mental culture, moral character, refinement of manners and devotion of spirit.

## Health and Longevity.

The average length of life in the United States is much shorter now than a century ago, and as every effect has its cause, perhaps it might be profitable to spend a little time and thought in investigating this subject. Nature is consistent with herself; her laws are rigid, and the violation of one of the least is invariably followed with its punishment, as the careful fulfillment meets with its reward.—Therefore, the nearer we live in accordance with the simple laws of nature, and discard what is commonly called the luxuries of life, the better health we will enjoy and the longer will be our life.

We will furnish a simple illustration, and leave the deductions to the reader. For some time past the pages of the London Lancet have been enlivened by a controversy on tobacco, its uses, abuses, &c. Among the items which have been developed in the course of this discussion, a correspondent, "D.," furnishes the following:

"Mr. Neil having asserted that Quakers, who never smoke, reach a good old age, I was determined to make inquiries on the subject; and I find that here and there a smoking Quaker is to be met with, but that the habit is not common with members of the Society of Friends. Of course there are exceptions to every rule. The following statistics cannot fail to prove interesting to general readers. Smoking not only leads to drinking, but it diminishes the saccharine constituents of the blood."

"In the year 1855-6, there died 287 members of the Society of Friends in Great Britain, of whom there died from birth to 5 years old, 37; from 5 to 10, 8; 10 to 15, 5; 15 to 20, 12; 20 to 30, 18; 30 to 40, 17; 40 to 50, 19; 50 to 60, 23; 60 to 70, 46; 70 to 80, 50; 80 to 90, 43; 90 to 100, 9."

"From this, it will be seen that the greatest mortality among Quakers is between the ages of 70 and 80; the next greatest, between 60 and 70; and the third greatest, between the ages of 80 and 90."

## Character.

The differences of character are never more distinctly seen than in time when men are surrounded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some, who when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking from which they had expected great things, make up their minds at once to exert themselves no longer against what they call fate, as thereby they could avenge themselves upon fate; others grow desponding and hopeless; but a third class of men will rouse themselves just at such moments, and say to themselves, "The more difficult it is to attain my ends the more honorable it will be;" and this is a maxim which every one should impress upon himself as a law. Some of those who are grinded by it, prosecute their plans with obstinacy, and perish; others, who are more practical men, if they have failed in one way will try another.

THE GREENSBORO' TIMES.—This is a paper published at Greensboro' N. C. It makes its appearance this week in an entirely new dress, and a tasty one too. It is now a folio and numbers, among its correspondents, many of the "Star Writers" of the country. We commend it to the favorable notice of our readers.—Darlington (S. C.) Flag.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

## The Different African Races.

At a late meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, Dr. Bodiehon, a resident of Algeria, in Africa, presented a paper of great interest on the races of that country, founded on his own observation. He stated that there were two white races; one inhabiting the mountains, the Numidians or Berbers, and the Arabs. The former were small in stature, war-like, independent, democratic, and polygamous. They dwell in villages, and plant vineyards. They are fine soldiers, able to compete with Europeans. They are not governed by laws, but refer their difficulties to the first man that chances to pass by. Dr. B. considers them an indigenous race. The Arabs are a tall race, of dark complexion, equestrian, nomadic, warlike, religious, poetical and polygamous. They divide their time, about equally, between fighting and praying. He also referred to a mixed race of Turks, and the women of the different tribes of the country, which, not having the stamina of the parent races, are fast disappearing before the French. He found in the interior of Africa a Germanic race, with blue eyes and light hair, which are probably the descendants of the ancient Carthaginians. They are polygamous, and unlike all other nations, the females are sovereign, both in family and state. They also possess the characteristic superiority of white races—the enslaving of the neighboring blacks.

MUSIC BY ELECTRICITY.—A Hungarian named Leon Hamel, has recently given on a concert in one of the theatres at Pesth, in which he has settled the possibility of several musical instruments being played on simultaneously by the same performer, by means of electricity. Five pianos being played on simultaneously by this most wonderful element in nature, is a surprising feat even in these days of marvels. The pianos, it appears, were placed in view of the audience, and the electric battery being duly disposed in an adjoining room, M. Hamel seated himself at one of the pianos, and, connecting the others with the one on which he was playing, they were brought into communication with this one, and immediately to the great excitement of the spectators, the keys of the other four pianos were seen to move in exact unison with the one at which the musician was seated, every note being produced simultaneously, and with perfect clearness and precision, by each instrument. It was as though a single instrument of five-fold power were being played upon, and the audience were so enchanted with the success of this most remarkable experiment, that their shouts of applause almost drowned the music. The possibility, therefore, of a performer being heard at once at any and every point of the earth's surface with which he can bring himself into electric rapport, is ascertained to be no longer a dream, but is demonstrated as perfectly feasible—if the report of M. Hamel's success be reliable.

THE TIMES.—An Illustrated Southern Family Paper, is published at Greensboro', N. C., terms two dollars. If any of our friends are disposed to patronize Southern talent, here is a rare opportunity to read a literary paper of high moral tone. The editorials are sensible; the stories are good; the paper and type of the best quality.—The Times is worth a dozen of those trashy abolition sheets published at the North, for which our people annually squander thousands of dollars, to the end only that the minds and hearts of their children are enervated and polluted.—Augusta (Ga.) Dispatch.

STREET EDUCATION.—A city missionary visited an unhappy young man in our jail, waiting his trial for a state prison crime. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education; it was my street education that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with boys; in the street I learned to lounge; learned to swear, to smoke, to gamble and to pilfer. O, sir, it is in the street that evil lurks to work the ruin of the young!"—Presbyterian Recorder.

THE TIMES.—Such is the title of a literary paper, published at Greensboro', N. C. by Cole & Albright, which comes to us this week greatly enlarged and improved. It is now equal to any of the Northern Literaries, and in many respects superior. We wish the enterprising editors abundant success.—Suffolk (Va.) Sun.



WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
**The Heart—The Heart.**

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The heart—the heart, should ever be  
Pure as an angel's wing;  
Its thoughts should flow as soft and free  
As water from a spring;  
It should not be, like miser's gold  
Hid in some dark recess;  
But all its treasures should unfold,  
To purify and bless;  
For God, the heart did ne'er intend  
To live for self alone;  
No man is happy in this life  
Whose heart is all his own.

The heart—the heart, should ever feel  
For other's woe and pain;  
It should not sympathies conceal—  
For kindness is not vain;  
And should it throb at worldly ills,  
Or sorrow's faintest call;  
'Twere better it should feel too much,  
Than never feel at all;  
For God, the heart did ne'er intend  
To live for self alone;  
No man is happy in this life  
Whose heart is all his own.

Baltimore, Md.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
**CHARLIE AND ALENA;**  
OR,  
"There is a Silver Lining to every Cloud."

BY INEZ GRAY.

CHAPTER IV.

"O on if you please, sir," said Clide, with a frightful smile on his countenance, intended to give him an unconcerned appearance; "it is ominous to stop in this manner."

The parson smiled and continued, for the gratuitous information Charlie had given the crowd outside, completely misled the good man as to the cause of the disturbance. As the final words were pronounced, which made them one flesh, Charlie withdrew the bolts from the door, and Dick's creditor rushed in. One glance sufficed to show him that it was all over; and with a curse, he took himself off, and was never again seen in that part of England. His defalcations, though large, were trifling compared with the immense fortune of Dick's young wife, a portion of which, by some bogus process or other, came into the possession of Charlie, and Clide.

The sun was shining in at the windows, when Alena was awakened by a sweet voice, whispering her name, she opened her eyes, and met the loving glance of as beautiful a pair of eyes as ever expressed mingled mirth and mischief. She was bewildered at first, at the unusual appearance of every thing around her, and had only a vague idea that some pleasant change had taken place. But soon the delightful reality presented itself, it was not a dream or a vision, but a reality, she was on her first visit from home, oh, how delightful.

To rise and dress was the work of a few moments, and then she hastened out into the air, the fresh air, loaded with the perfume of roses, unfolding their hearts to the glorious sun. O! how she loved the beautiful roses, inhaling their sweet perfume, every sense receiving gratification from their beauty.

Mr. Page's family consisted of himself, his wife, his son James, and his wife Sophia, and an unmarried daughter Mary. Their house was large, and not only convenient but beautiful, uniting the beautiful and ornamental farm-house, with the genteel country residence. On either side, it was sheltered by groves of fine old trees; at the back, the barns, poultry yard and carriage, wood and ice houses, everything in fact, for summer convenience, or winter comfort. In front, a magnificent garden, presented a tempting display of fruits and flowers, and furnished ample employment for the leisure hours of all the family, as well as the whole time of a man to take care of it. Alena soon relieved Mary of her daily task, of filling the vases with fresh flowers; and her mornings were generally spent in wandering round among the dainty-colored beds, selecting her favorites, and always ending with making a bouquet for herself, composed of a choice rosebud, and a sprig of some sweet smelling jessamine.

Alena had been at Brookland more than a month. The first intense feeling of novelty had worn off. She had learned to enjoy the delights of her life calmly, and with thankfulness, to appreciate more and more the difference between this life of enjoyment with her own sex and of her own age, and her former existence; to form resolutions for the future, to study more and play less, in fact to become a better girl or woman, for she had now entered her fifteenth year.

She was much better in health, and though still small and delicate, had improved in appearance greatly since her arrival at Brookland.

She had become so well acquainted with the neighborhood, she no longer needed the guidance of Sophia, but arrayed in a summer wrapper and wide hat with her basket on her arm, and a

luncheon in her pocket, would search the woods for hours in pursuit of mosses, flowers, or berries. In one of these excursions, she had wandered farther than ever, and coming to an open space, she suddenly discovered a quantity of delicate blossoms, a new flower and to be saved at any cost.

After stooping to gather them till her head felt giddy, and busily arranging them in the overflowing basket, she was startled by a large drop of rain on her hand, and looking up she beheld the sky overcast with heavy black clouds. In her eagerness to gather the flowers, she had lost the path, and after wondering round and round, each moment getting more bewildered, she came out to an unknown road, but bearing the marks of many carriage wheels. She was sure it must lead to Brookland farm, but which way to go she could not tell; and now to add to her uncomfortable position, the rain came pouring down, soaking her clothes in a few moments, and with its force actually crushing her broad straw hat completely over her face. To walk on was impossible, and she took shelter under a large leaning tree that bent over the road, and if it did not keep off the rain, it broke the force of the heavy drops.

The lightning now began to flash, and

She never knew how she was conveyed to her room, but there she found herself ten days after, weak and helpless as an infant, surrounded with anxious faces. Exposure and excitement had done the work, she had been raving with brain fever for more than a week, and even then, she was not out of danger. But care and good nursing, however, soon restored her, and she took her place on the good old sofa in the sitting room, pale and weak, but still happy in the feeling of recovered health.

One day she received a letter from her father, stating that the carriage was on its way for her, and that she must immediately return home. It was with a feeling of joy, yet mingled with strange fear, that she again packed her trunk, and bidding Mr. Page's family farewell, entered her father's carriage, and was fast rolling towards home. Her father met her at the door, told her to retire to her room and rest awhile, and then he wished to see her in the library. She hastened to her room, and with the assistance of her maid undressed, and threw herself upon the bed, wondering what was the meaning of her father's words; thus she missed unconscious of the dark cloud that was gathering over her, and soon she was in dreamland.

It was the witching hour of eve. The

"Marry him, or the curse."  
"Curse me not! I will marry him, I will do anything that you ask," and she fell fainting to the floor.

The father gathered her up and placed her upon the sofa, and rang for her attendants, and sprinkling some water in her face, she soon showed symptoms of returning life.

She at last awoke only to feel more sensibly the dreadful situation in which she was to play so conspicuous a part; she wrung her hand, "oh! is it this, for which I was born, such misery, what shall I do, is tomorrow to terminate my earthly happiness. Oh! that the stranger, that rescued me from the storm, could save me from such wretchedness. Oh! God, have mercy upon me. Oh! my sainted mother, come and comfort your miserable child."

But such lamentations could not rescue her from her fate, so she summoned all her courage, and wrote to her father, asking him to spare her the pain of seeing him to whom she was to be connected, and to make himself, the necessary arrangements, for she was ready at any time to fulfil his request.

She paced the room to and fro, unconscious of the moments as they passed; the day waned, the stars came out, and the moon shone forth with more than com-

mon brilliancy, while the flowers waved gracefully in the evening zephyr. She threw herself down among the crimson cushions, and leaning her head on her hand, abandoned herself to a profound reverie. She tried to summon into her presence, a vision of her mother, as she must have been, young, beautiful and radiant. The lamp-light drifted over her, almost with the full brilliancy of sunshine, and closing her eyes, the long lashes veiled her cheeks. Absorbed in her own miserable thoughts, she heard no sound, until her father's voice broke upon the stillness.

Alena, you are a very sensible girl, and for once I will yield to your request, but tomorrow at two o'clock you are to be married to Sir Robert Illsby; your maids will provide you with every thing that is necessary, by my commands, be ready; and he left the room as noiselessly as he entered.

Her lips quivered with suppressed emotion, and burying her face in her hands, she sobbed bitterly. "Oh! what a fearful reality, it will ever cast a gloomy shadow over my pathway, and alas, forever chill the buoyancy of my youthful spirit."

She groaned aloud, never had such grief wrung that innocent heart; was all her youthful dreams of happiness thus so soon to be blighted, and sorrow to commence in the very morning of life, and darkness to dwell where the sunshine should have fallen?

The moon has gone down long ago, and those are the rosy morning clouds in the east, that is flushing the room with its glory, and the sun had ascended high in the heavens, when Alena was awakened by her maids, who told her that they had been to her room, time and again, during the morning, but always finding her asleep; but it was time that she was dressed, for the wedding guests were already assembling.

She hastily arose, surprised to learn that the day was waning. The maids said that she must be dressed, so she submitted herself to their wishes. They braided and dressed her jolly waves of hair. A rich robe of white satin fitted to perfection her elegant form, and fell in graceful folds about her person, while bracelets of inestimable value clasped her arms, and a heavy wrought chain encircled her neck.

She stood before the mirror, and surveyed herself intently. It was an Italian, rather than an English face, which her gaze encountered. There was the soft silky, yet luxuriant black hair; the delicately arched brow; the clear, olive complexion; the small mouth and pearl-like teeth and above all, the large languishing, passionate black eyes. She had never before given a thought to her personal appearance, but now surveying herself for the first time, her heart thrilled with the new found knowledge of her beauty. It was

Would it bring her joy or grief?  
CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
**The Story of the Shell.**

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

There were beautiful shells on the smooth white sand:

They were musical shells from some far off land,  
Brought by the billows and cast on the strand,  
For lovers to look at and hold in their hand.

I thought as I gathered them up, of the years  
That lie on the bourns of an ocean of tears;  
An ocean life's barque cannot cross for my fears,  
And whose murmur sounds knell-like and sad  
In my ears.

I said to the shells as I sat on the shore,  
Oh, read me the legend of magical lore  
That clustered around you in seasons of yore,  
And the good I will share and the bad I'll deplore.

And the musical shells, as they lay in my hand  
Sang sweetly and soft of a far distant land,  
Where beauty ran riot and love could command,  
A worship as stainless as heart could demand.

But one shell was silent; it uttered no sound,  
And it seemed in the bonds of oblivion bound:  
Like the mummies of Egypt, in silence profound,  
Such as reigns in the earth fifty feet under ground.

I turned it and touched it and said, silent shell,  
Oh, is there no story your mute lips could tell,  
Some sunshine that crowned thee, some shadow that fell  
On thy rosy-bud breast, with the weight of a spell?

And it answered me thus:—"I was rosy and gay,  
As low in the heart of old ocean I lay;  
And I shone and I sang in the depths of the spray,

'Till a vision and voice stole my powers away  
I'm in arm glanced two forms through the madly tost wave,  
And I knew that two lovers were finding one grave:

Where no tomb-stone could rise, for the sea never gave  
A secret once locked in her coral-decked cave.  
'This was the vision and lip to lip clung  
As the lank ocean grasses their arms round them flung.

And the merry mermaids a requiem sung  
And braids of sea mosses around each neck hung.

"And the voice? I had listened to many a wail  
As it came on the wings of the death-burdened gale;  
But this one? oh! lip, cheek and brow would grow pale  
And the heart of the hearer would utterly fail.

"With that voice and that vision my melody died;  
I lay a mute shell; one that sang not, nor sighed,  
And but for the chance of the untiring tide  
I still would lie mute by those dead lovers' side."

I laid the shell down in the smooth white sands  
And over my heart I folded my hands,  
And I mused o'er the fate that forever demands  
The joy that lies wrapt in the heart's hidden bands.



At length she drew out the golden bodkins which fastened her luxuriant hair, and let it fall in a cloud about her shoulders.

she could hear the roaring thunder grow louder and louder. She had a terror of the sound, and was faint and trembling with fear and excitement, when the noise of wheels, and the quick tread of rapidly approaching horses, revived her sinking spirits, and made her hope that help was near. Closer the sound came, and then she discovered that the driver was a stranger.

He instantly stopped his horses and alighted, and with gentlemanly politeness, proffered his assistance to convey her home, she appeared very much alarmed and not a little ashamed. One can imagine the plight she was in, with her hat flopping down over her face, dripping and soft; her beautiful blue and white wrapper, in the morning so clean and nicely starched, its pretty frills neatly crimped, now wet and dragged, clinging close to her, the waist colored with the drippings from her bright blue hat strings, and the skirt awfully stained with the juice of the berries, which she had placed in the bottom of her basket.

He could not wait for her trembling attempts to get into the carriage, but lifted her in without a king leave; then springing in after her, asked where he was to go. When she said to Brookland, he gave a kind of start, and looked very earnestly in her face for a moment; but apparently convinced that he was mistaken, he proceeded to wrap her up in an overcoat and sundry shawls lying on the back seat. The storm meanwhile raged around them, and increasing in violence every instant. At last a flash came, almost blinding in its intensity, instantly followed by a fearful peal of thunder, right over their heads. Alena screamed and covered her eyes, with her long wet hair, which had fallen down when he removed her dripping hat. He put his arm round her shoulders, and drawing her head close to his breast, shut out the dreadful lightning from her sight. Cheering words he spoke, too, but she was incapable of listening, and when after half an hour's rapid driving, they drew up at Mr. Page's door, and they all came rushing into the porch to meet them, it was an inanimate form he bore in his arms, and so carefully deposited on the parlor sofa.

azure sky was illuminated by a myriad of twinkling stars, which shone with resplendent brilliancy, while the flowers bowed their beautiful heads as they listened to the musical murmuring of the evening zephyr, which gently shook their delicate petals, as it glided past them on its mission of love and mercy to the chamber of the wearied child. The silvery moonbeams stole through the lattice, encircling like a halo the face of the young girl, who reclined upon a costly couch within.

A luxuriant mass of ringlets had escaped from confinement, their jetty blackness contrasting with the snowy whiteness of the pillow, but the dark eyes of the sleeping maiden were veiled by the long, silken lashes which rested upon her rosy cheeks. It was a beautiful picture, that fair girl, as she thus lay asleep, her small hands softly clasped above her gently heaving bosom; her ruby lips half parted, with a smile of singular sweetness; her attitude one of graceful carelessness. To gaze upon her thus, one would almost deem her an angel, too pure and lovely for earth. Ha! she starts wildly, an expression of deep and poignant anguish contracts her fair brow. One snowy arm is restlessly tossed above her beautiful head, while a convulsive shudder passes over her frame, and a quivering sob of agony escapes her lips. She is evidently dreaming, but the entrance of her maid suddenly awoke her.

She told her that her father was waiting in the library; she arose hastily and dressed, and entered into her father's presence.

He met her with a smile upon his countenance.

"Alena, my child, you are now grown into womanhood, and it is necessary for me to select a partner in life for you. I feel that I am not long for this world, and I want you to be connected with one worthy of you, and one that is able in worldly possessions to keep you from want, and one whom I should be proud to own as the protector of my child."

"No, father, talk not thus to me, I want no other protector than yourself. Nay, father, I will never be separated from you, I know no gentleman that could my, should take your place."

"Hush, Alena, you know not what you are talking about; I know that your acquaintance has been limited, yet I have selected one for you; he has asked for your hand; and I have given my consent, he will be here in half an hour, and I want you to receive him as your future husband."

"No, father, I will not see him, I will not marry him," and she fell at her father's feet, but he pushed her from him."

"Marry him, or the curse."  
"Ch! curse me not, father."

mon brilliancy, while the flowers waved gracefully in the evening zephyr. She threw herself down among the crimson cushions, and leaning her head on her hand, abandoned herself to a profound reverie. She tried to summon into her presence, a vision of her mother, as she must have been, young, beautiful and radiant. The lamp-light drifted over her, almost with the full brilliancy of sunshine, and closing her eyes, the long lashes veiled her cheeks. Absorbed in her own miserable thoughts, she heard no sound, until her father's voice broke upon the stillness.

Alena, you are a very sensible girl, and for once I will yield to your request, but tomorrow at two o'clock you are to be married to Sir Robert Illsby; your maids will provide you with every thing that is necessary, by my commands, be ready; and he left the room as noiselessly as he entered.

Her lips quivered with suppressed emotion, and burying her face in her hands, she sobbed bitterly. "Oh! what a fearful reality, it will ever cast a gloomy shadow over my pathway, and alas, forever chill the buoyancy of my youthful spirit."

She groaned aloud, never had such grief wrung that innocent heart; was all her youthful dreams of happiness thus so soon to be blighted, and sorrow to commence in the very morning of life, and darkness to dwell where the sunshine should have fallen?

The moon has gone down long ago, and those are the rosy morning clouds in the east, that is flushing the room with its glory, and the sun had ascended high in the heavens, when Alena was awakened by her maids, who told her that they had been to her room, time and again, during the morning, but always finding her asleep; but it was time that she was dressed, for the wedding guests were already assembling.

She hastily arose, surprised to learn that the day was waning. The maids said that she must be dressed, so she submitted herself to their wishes. They braided and dressed her jolly waves of hair. A rich robe of white satin fitted to perfection her elegant form, and fell in graceful folds about her person, while bracelets of inestimable value clasped her arms, and a heavy wrought chain encircled her neck.

She stood before the mirror, and surveyed herself intently. It was an Italian, rather than an English face, which her gaze encountered. There was the soft silky, yet luxuriant black hair; the delicately arched brow; the clear, olive complexion; the small mouth and pearl-like teeth and above all, the large languishing, passionate black eyes. She had never before given a thought to her personal appearance, but now surveying herself for the first time, her heart thrilled with the new found knowledge of her beauty. It was



## THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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**MISTAKES:**—For the accommodation of new subscribers, we have transferred our Mail lists to new books.—In so doing a few names may have been omitted, and we call the attention of our readers to this change in order that such mistakes may be corrected, if any have occurred.

**GEN. GREENE:**—The first paper on Gen. Greene, bringing his life up to the opening of the Revolution, is concluded in this issue. It forms a complete part in his life, and may be read separately from what is to follow, without the appearance of a broken narrative. We hope all will read this paper, as printed in the three numbers of the Times for this year, as it is ably written and authentic.

The second paper, narrating the military services of Gen. Greene, in which he stands second only to Washington, will be commenced next week. These articles are short, requiring but little of the reader's time, yet are so carefully prepared as to give a full life of the subject.

**IN SEASON:**—Messrs Garrett have just received a beautiful assortment of Valentines, Sentimental and Comic. Now for the young folks, remember the prosperity in the Matrimonial Market for last year, and improve the opportunity:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

**N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION:**—We are requested to say that the Journal for January has been unavoidably delayed beyond the time at which the prospectus promised its appearance. It will be ready for the mail, however, during the next week.

**WESTERN SENTINEL:**—The junior of the Sentinel has disposed of his interest to Col. Alsbaugh, the Senior, and retires to private life. We have always looked upon the Sentinel as a valuable exchange, ably edited and well printed. The Democracy of this section has a laborious and effective organ.

**GEORGIA EXCHANGES:**—As in many other things, Georgia is taking the lead in good family papers. They show a spirit of improvement, the real spirit of the State.

**The Lumpkin Palladium** has not only put on a new and neat dress, but has greatly enlarged its dimensions, and added two departments edited by ladies, Georgia ladies, and ladies of a very superior talent. Success to the Palladium.

**The Crusader**, also, the Temperance Organ of the State, has improved its former good looking self. It is now published at Atlanta, a more central point and a more business place than heretofore. In fact, Atlanta is one of the most flourishing cities in the South. The Crusader has long had a department edited by a lady, Mrs. M. E. Ryan, and a most prolific and talented writer. It is an interesting paper well edited and we are glad to learn, widely circulated.

Speaking of the Minnie rifle, Mr. Kendall writing to the New Orleans Picayune from Texas, says: In one of Lindsey's recent shots against the Navajos, one of the latter was killed at the distance of four hundred yards, and another wounded, with a shot from one of the famous Minnie rifles.

Our friends will permit us to return our thanks for the daily addition of names to our mail-books. New subscribers are coming in with an increased ratio, and we are much encouraged amid our unceasing labors to make THE TIMES fully fill up the demands of the South for a Home Family paper. With a continued interest on the part of the friends of such an effort, THE TIMES will find its way into every town, village and country post office of the Southern States. This is our ambition, and when it is accomplished, our families—the children who are soon to take the places of their fathers—will have a wholesome moral literature, reading that will strengthen their minds and improve their hearts. To show how our efforts in this labor is viewed, the reader will permit us to make a few extracts from our private correspondence:

The President of a Southern College writes—"The Times is now one of the most elegant, spirited and talented papers in any part of the Union." "The Times is a paper which should be read by every family in the South. I deem it my duty to act as agent in increasing the circulation and to do all in my power." "I had decided to stop taking the Times, but on seeing a copy of the new volume, I have concluded to renew my subscription. Your paper was good before, but I think it is now greatly improved and should be largely patronized. I think I shall send a club soon." "I congratulate you on the neat appearance of your new sheet and trust you may meet with that success your enterprising spirit merits." "Your paper, (may I not say "ours," for we all claim it and love it), came this evening, and we are greatly pleased with it. The new dress is neat and handsome—and I sincerely hope that the good old paper may be blessed with much prosperity. I like your giving prominence to the "History" department, and yet seasoning it with a spicy story." "Allow me to congratulate you on the superb appearance of your paper; it is an honor to your exertions, and a pride to the South." "This morning your paper, in its new form, came to hand; and I congratulate you on its neat appearance. It ever comes a welcome messenger, with something for the grieved, the gay, the young and the old. It cheers me in my hours of sadness, with its cheerful songs; it brings a balm to console the desponding and points the way to things useful and good. It is a paper no family should be without, and I trust it may be widely circulated. With many hopes that it may each day become more and more strongly endeared to the hearts of our people, I am yours, cordially."

These are but a few of the many kind expressions received daily. And generally accompanied with the evidence of sincerity. We will not copy more, to weary the patience of the reader; but sincerely return our thanks for the many favors and congratulations. To meet the heavy expenditures for our improvements and to add new ones as we grow older, demands a large accession to the subscription list, and we trust, those who have helped, will not weary in well doing; and that many others who have heretofore done nothing, will also lend us their aid and influence.

**THE REVENUE BILL:**—The Revenue bill introduced into the Commons by the Finance Committee will raise about \$150,000 additional revenue. It is rather lengthy, and it is probable some of its provisions may be changed before the bill finally passes, therefore we defer the publication for the present.

**THE ELECTION OF JUDGES BY THE PEOPLE:**—The *Macon Telegraph*, of a late date, contained the following language in relation to the election of Judges by the people:

"We are of the opinion that this will be the last election of Judges submitted to the people.

An effort will be made by many leading gentlemen of both political parties in the State, at the next session of the Legislature, to repeal the present law and give the election to the Legislature or vest the power of appointment in the Governor, subject to confirmation by the Senate.

The people are heartily sick and tired of the system of election of Judges by the people, and we notice that in several Counties the Grand Jurors have recommended the repeal of the present law."

**How COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.**—It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage, coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, would seem hardly able to exist. At the time, Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage, is ascribed to the Superior of a monastery, in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of some shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries and in about two hundred years reached Paris. A single plant brought there in sixteen hundred and fourteen became the parent stock of all coffee plantations in the West Indies. The extent of consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume at the cost of its landings, from fifteen to sixteen million of dollars. You may know the Arabia or Mocha, the best coffee, by its small bean of a dark color. The Java and East Indian, the next in quality, a larger and paler yellow. The West Indian Rio has a bluish greenish gray tint.

At a meeting of the business men of Boston, on Thursday, it was resolved to carry into effect a plan for a telegraph line from Cape Ann to Yarmouth, in opposition to the Halifax monopoly.

**LOTTERIES:**—It is said that the Legislature of Delaware will pass an act granting lottery privileges, so as to aid the construction of railroads in that State, without the State's credit. By the present new constitution of Maryland, lotteries are totally prohibited in that State after next April.

## MARRIED,

In this county, on Sunday the 9th inst., by Rev. Richard Bashaw, Mr. ROBERT GOURLEY and Miss MARY WEATHERINGTON, all of Guilford.

In this county, on Wednesday the 12th inst., by Rev. W. J. Ogburn, Mr. P. S. WILLIAMS and Miss C. L. OGBURN, all of Guilford.

At the residence of Rev. Ebenezer Ward, on the 18th inst. by Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, Mr. DORRIS M. BENNETT, and Miss ELIZABETH D. WARD, all of this county.

## DIED.

In Farmville, Va., at his father's residence, on the 7th inst., WILLIAM H. CHAPPELL, aged 21 years.

**For Every Body!**  
The Largest, the Cheapest,  
THE BEST!!

## The Times:

AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER:  
Commenced its Fourth Volume 1st January, 1859. Enlarged to eight pages, beautifully illustrated and printed on the finest article of white paper, with a new Press and new Copper-faced Type—thus making it the largest and neatest paper published in the South; and equal in every respect to any similar paper published in Philadelphia or New York.

**TERMS** in advance: 1 copy \$2; 6 copies \$10; 10 copies \$15; 50 copies \$50—~~60~~  
And One Copy to the Gutter up of a Club.  
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Editors will confer a favor by inserting or noticing.

**BE IN SEASON:** and send to J. & F. Garrett's for some beautiful VALENTINES FOR 1859.

Various sizes and prices. Orders filled through the Mail.  
J. & F. GARRETT,  
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**THE SOUTHERN HOMESTEAD** is the name of a large first class illustrated Agricultural and family paper, published in Nashville, Tennessee, by L. P. WILLIAMS & CO., who are endeavoring to build up an agricultural journal that will be an ornament to the South, and in a great measure succeed in driving out of the country, the horde of Northern agricultural papers, which are both an expense and an injury to Southern agriculture, teaching as they do, systems adapted to other climates and soils, and entirely at variance with the operations and requirements of Southern farming.

The fourth volume of this Journal will begin January 1st, 1859, under the most encouraging prospects.

It is published weekly, each number containing eight large pages, printed in the handsomest style, and splendidly embellished with engravings, at the following

**TERMS:** Invariably in advance.—One copy, 2 dollars a year; six copies, 16 dollars; ten copies, 15 dollars, (and an extra copy to the person getting up a club.) 2:2w

## COMMERCIAL.

**GREENSBORO MARKET, Jan. 19.**  
Reported expressly for the Times  
Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20;  
Butter 15 @; Coffee 14a16; Candles, Tallow 22  
@25; Adamantine 37@40; Sperma 55@60;  
Corn 80@0 Meal 80@00; Chickens 10  
@15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40@45; Flour  
5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5,  
dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses  
40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas,  
yellow 75@80, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@  
8.50; Rags 2½; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@  
2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 18½, crushed  
16½, clarified 14; Tallow 12½@16; Wheat  
80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

**NORFOLK MARKET, Jan. 17th.**  
Reported expressly for the Times.  
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.  
Flour, Family \$7.00 Flaxseed, 1.35a1.40  
Extra, 6.00 Beeswax, 28  
Superfine, 5.50 Dried Apples, 28 bu. of  
Corn, Mixed W. 75a76 28lbs... 1.87  
Yellow 80a81 " Peaches, 40lbs. 28  
Wheat, White 1.25 bu... 5a5.75  
Red 1.10 Bacon, W. sho'd 8a8  
Cotton, 11½a11½ do. Sides 10  
Pens, Black Eye 1.35 N. C. & Va. Hog  
Red & Black 70a80 round, 11  
Lord, N. C. & Va. no. 1 12 Staves, R. O. hhd 30a31  
do do 2. 11 W. O. pipe, 50  
Fish, Mackerel 1.12 do hhd 40  
do No 2 1.10 do bbl 28a30  
do 3 10.00 do bbl 28a30

**REMARKS:**—Flour shows more animation, with higher sales than for some time past.—Corn, active and sells readily. Dried Apples are scarce and wanted, other sorts of fruit are dull and neglected. Sugars are higher again.

## Professional Cards.

**ARCHITECTURE.**  
WM. PERCIVAL, Architect,  
Offices Smith's Brick Building, Raleigh, N. C., and Godden's, Hall, Richmond, Va., Will supply designs, working, drawings, specifications and superintendence for all kinds of public and private buildings and houses of worship.

With an educational training for his profession and a Practical Experience on public and private works for more than 16 years, he hopes to give satisfaction. He respectfully refers to those by whom he is professionally engaged in this State.

The Building Committee on the Chapel Hill University Improvements. The Building Committee of the Raleigh New Baptist Church. R. S. Tucker, Esq., W. M. Boylan, Raleigh. W. S. Battle, Esq., Rocky Mt., Edgecombe County.  
N. B. A large variety of original designs for churches, villas &c., can be seen at his Offices. 133-6m.

**GEO. W. COTHRAN,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,  
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y. 105-4f.

**J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.**  
**J. W. HOWLETT & SON,**  
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-1y.

**JOHN W. PAYNE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.  
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

**JACOB T. BROWN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HIGH POINT, N. C.

Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-1y

## TO LAWYERS.

**A YOUNG NEW YORK** Lawyer, would like to make arrangements with some respectable lawyer, or law firm, in Greensboro or any other town in North Carolina, to enter upon the duties of the profession. Would accept a situation as managing clerk, or any other, appertaining to his profession. Can give good references as to capability &c.  
Address, C. G. DUNN,  
New York City.

**TO THE PUBLIC.**—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,  
107M Baltimore, Md.

## VISITING CARDS.

**R. G. STAPLES,**  
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

## MANTUA-MAKING.

**MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER** are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim, and bleach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.  
Jan. 15, 1858. 105-1y

**OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND Watchmaker,** West Market, Greensboro, N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.

He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.

All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.

All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.

August 1st, 1858. 134-1f.

**LIQUORS:**—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail at the New Grocery Store by W. S. CLARK. Jan. 1.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR 1859.

## THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE

JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teachers and other friends of education.

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Single copy.....\$2.00

All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.

Journal and Times.....\$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page; And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

All communications should be addressed to J. D. CAMPBELL, Resident Editor, Greensboro, N. C.

## ELECTIC MAGAZINE FOR

1859. Great Artistic Attraction. 28

Beautiful PORTRAITS in January number! To all lovers of choice reading.

1. Your attention is respectfully invited to the character, contents, portrait embellishments, and sterling literary value of the ELECTIC MAGAZINE.

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4. Its combined excellences and permanent value give it a just claim to a place in every well-selected public and private library.

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13. The public press, far and near, give the Electric strong commendations. Eminent men do the same.

"The merits of The Electric need only to be known in order to be appreciated: The Electric is worth many times its cost."—N. Y. Observer.

We have received many pages of recommendations.

We add the CONTENTS OF JANUARY NO., selected from six Quarterlies and seven Monthlies.

## EMBELLISHMENTS—28 PORTRAITS.

1 Woman, her Position, Influence and wishes.

2 Love Bequeathed.

3 The Courtship of Miles Standish.

4 The Heroes of India.

5 The Modern British Drama.

6 An Alpine Storm Ten Thousand Feet High.

7 Word Paintings in Rich Frames.

8 Great Tomb of Man.

9 Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great.

10 Cowper's Poem on the Loss of the Royal George.

11 Optical Delusion of the Yellow Gown.

12 The Literature of Wedded Love.

13 The Taming of Horses.

14 Pandora's Box.

15 Great Revision Convention.

16 Woman in Extremes and Varieties of Character.

17 The Terrible Galas Tragely.

18 Eleanor Vaughan; or, Twice Avenged.

19 An Undiscovered Island.

20 Farewell to the Comet.

21 Alexander Pushkin.

22 Midnight on the Alps.

23 The Exile's Memory.

24 A Shadow.

25 Late and Early Marriages.

26 Biographical Sketch of Shakespeare.

27 The Mysterious Musician of Walden Cathedral.

28 At the Gate.

29 Literary Miscellanies.

## GREAT ATTRACTIONS.

To New Subscribers, Paying in advance, the January number, 1859, will be sent, embellished with two splendid match-prints—Sir Walter Scott and his friends, and Shakespeare and his contemporaries, containing twenty-eight portraits—surpassing all precedent. The January number is published.

**TERMS:**—The Electric is issued on the first of every month. Each number contains one hundred and forty-four octavo pages, on fine paper, neatly stitched in green covers with one or more beautiful Steel Portraits by Sartain. The 12 numbers comprise three volumes of 600 pages each, with titles, indexes, and embellishments. Price Five Dollars. The postage is only three cents a number, prepaid at the office of delivery.

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## EATING SALOON:

FRESH and PICKLED OYSTERS,

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S. ARCHER & CO.

**A**LL THOSE INDEBTED TO ME  
By Note or Account, will please call and  
pay, as longer indulgence cannot be given.  
D. Gundling is authorized to settle.  
October, '58. S. ARCHER.



Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Heaven.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John xvi, part of verse 2.

My dear children, suppose you were taking a journey in a strange country, and were on your way to a town where you had never been before, and suppose a friend came up to you, and asked you where you were going, and after you had told him you were going to such a town, he said to you, "Well, I am going to that town, and I know the people well, for I have lived there all my life. I will have lodgings provided for you, and you shall find every thing you can possibly wish for," how pleased you would be! O, you would go on with quite a light and merry heart. If it was very hot, you would say to each other, "Never mind, we shall soon get to the town, and there we shall have some nice cool water to drink." If you are very much tired, you would do your best to go on, so that you might reach the town, where you could rest as much as you pleased. At last you would come to the town. As soon as you arrived at the gates, you would see your friend. He would take you into the town and lead you to his house, and then he would give you something to eat and to drink; he would put on your clean clothes, and he would say, "My dear friends, you have had a long and wearisome journey, therefore now rest yourselves and make yourselves happy; I have prepared this place for you where you may enjoy yourselves, and stay as long as you please."

There my children what do you think of that? Do you not think the poor travellers would be very much pleased, and do you not think they would love that friend very dearly? Well, you are the travellers. You are making a little journey in this world. God has put you here for a little while. Not for ever. O no. Only for a little while. And when you die, you will have finished your journey. Have you any kind friend who will prepare a place for you? There is a friend who will prepare a place for you, if you will make him your friend. It is Jesus. He has said, "I go to prepare a place for you." After Jesus had been down in this world to die upon the cross, he said to those that loved him, "I go to prepare a place for you." Where was this place? In Heaven. Jesus went to Heaven to prepare a place for those who love him. Will you make Jesus your friend? If you will, he will prepare a place for you in Heaven. How can you make him your friend?—By loving him. By serving him. By doing what Jesus tells you in the Bible to do. By not doing what Jesus tells you not to do. Where is Jesus now? In Heaven.

You have often heard of Heaven—Shall I tell you what sort of a place Heaven is? In Heaven God the Father lives, and in Heaven Jesus, God's Son lives.—Yes, the God who made you, my child, lives in Heaven. And Jesus Christ, who died for you, lives in Heaven. But is there no one else there? O yes; there are God's servants. God's servants are the angels. The angels are spirits, which you cannot see any more than you can the wind. The angels have no bodies as you have, but they are spirits. The angels wait upon God. They go on God's messages. There are a great many angels in this world, but you cannot see them.—God sends his angels to take care of his people. They watch around their beds at night, and take care of them in the day. And when God's people die, the angels carry their souls to Heaven. There are hundreds and thousands of angels in Heaven. They sing praises to God. They stand all around the throne on which God sits, and they sing all day and all night. They never grow tired. They do nothing else but sing God's praises, and go on his messages. But there are more in Heaven still. All the good people that have ever died are in Heaven. No bad people. O no, not one; only good people are in Heaven. If your father or mother, or any of your brothers or sisters, or any of your relations, are dead, and they were good, they are in Heaven. Heaven is very bright and shining. There is no sun nor moon there, yet it is quite light. How is that? Why, God is the light. God gives light to all Heaven. There is no crying, nor sorrow, nor unhappiness in Heaven. No, all is joy. There is no quarrelling nor fighting, nor calling names in Heaven, because all the people there are good. There is no dying in Heaven. When people get to Heaven, they live there always. O what a happy place Heaven

must be! Should you not like to get to Heaven, my children? I am sure you would. Then ask Jesus to be your friend, and he will prepare a place in Heaven for you.

Remember, my children, that if Jesus does not prepare a place for you in Heaven, you will be cast into Hell at last. The devil will have all the children that do not go to Heaven. O do go, and beg Jesus to prepare a place for you in Heaven, so that when your bodies are laid in the grave, your souls may go and live with Jesus in that happy happy place, Heaven.

A Prayer against Pride.

Almighty God, who givest grace to the humble, do something, also, for the proud man: make me humble and obedient; take from me the spirit of pride and haughtiness, ambition and self-flattery, confidence and gayety: teach me to think well and to expound all things fairly of my brother; to love his worthiness, to delight in his praises, to excuse his errors, to rejoice in all the good that he receives, and ever to believe and speak better things of him than of myself.

O, teach me to love to be concealed, and little esteemed: let me be truly humbled, and heartily ashamed of my sin and folly; teach me to bear reproaches evenly, for I have deserved them; to refuse all honors done unto me, because I have not deserved them; to return all to Thee, for it is Thine alone; to suffer reproach thankfully; to amend all my faults speedily. And do Thou invest my soul with the humble robe of my meek Master and Saviour, Jesus; and when I have humbly, patiently, charitably, and diligently served Thee, change this robe into the shining garment of immortality, my confusion into glory, my folly to perfect knowledge, my weakness and dishonor to the strength and beauties of the Son of God.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Out-Door Safety.

The fear of the weather has sent multitudes to the grave, who otherwise might have lived in health many years longer. The fierce north wind and the furious snow storm kill comparatively few, while hot winter rooms and crisp summer suns have countless victims of human beings to attest their power. Except in localities where malignant miasmas prevail, and that only in warm weather, out-door life is the healthiest and happiest, from the tropics to the poles.

The general fact speaks for itself, that persons who are out of doors most, take cold least. In some parts of our country, one half of the adult deaths are from disease of the air passages. These ailments arise from taking cold some way or other, surely the reader will take some interest in a subject from which, by at least one chance out of four, his own life may be lost.

All colds arise from one or two causes:—

1. By getting cool too quick after exercise, either of the whole body or any part of it.
2. By being chilled and remaining so for a long time, from want of exercise.

To avoid colds from the former, we have only to go to a fire the moment the exercise ceases in the winter. If in summer, repair at once to a closed room, and there remain, with the same clothing on until you are cooled off.

To avoid colds from the latter cause, such as pleurisy, croup, and inflammation of the lungs, called pneumonia, we have only to compel ourselves to walk with sufficient vigor to keep off a feeling of chilliness. Attention to a precept contained in less than a dozen words, would add twenty years to the average of civilized life.

Keep away chilliness by exercise—cool off slowly. Then you will never take cold in door or out.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

I Dreamed of Her.

BY ROLLIN.

I dreamed of her the other night. As, half entranced, I watched the shadows That chased the rays of silvery light. Across the crisp and scentless meadows, And when along the purpling east, I marked the dawning of the morrow, My dreamy vigils had not ceased, So deep were they—and full of sorrow.

The waves moaned idly on the strand, Through leafless trees the wind went wailing, And far beyond the drowsy land I saw a little vessel sailing, It bore a single form away, Death pale, yet beautiful in sadness, She smiled a sweet adieu—but stay, I have not lost her—it was madness.

Be still my heart. I know too well The import of that fearful warning, It haunts me like a fevered spell, But not of fancy's wild adorning; And as I gaze upon the sea, And watch its blue waves flash and quiver, I know her spirit waits for me, Across the cold and silent river.

During the past year there were only 189 deaths in Petersburg, Va., against 224 the previous year.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is added to the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical, and which, if collected together, edited and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

THE DANGER OF MODELLING IN WAX.

Few, probably, of the many young ladies who are now practicing the very pleasant art of modeling fruits, flowers, etc., in wax, at all suspect the danger in which they are placed from the poisonous nature of the coloring-matter of the wax which they handle so unsuspectingly. The white wax, for instance, contains white lead; the green, copper; the yellow, chrome yellow; the orange, yellow chrome and vermilion—strong poisons all; while many other kinds of wax are equally poisonous, and, therefore, dangerous. A Manchester (Eng.) paper states that a veteran phenologist and modeller in wax, in that city, has been at times completely paralyzed, especially in the hands and arms, and he has also been afflicted with extensive ulceration of the throat, and has almost totally lost his voice. Both himself and his medical adviser, after a long attention to his symptoms, are satisfied that the primary cause of his affliction is the extent to which the subtle poisons in wax with which he has worked have been absorbed into his system through the pores of his hands, while the disease has been gradually strengthened—one part of it being accounted for by the occasional application of his fingers to his lips while at work. Several cases are known in which young ladies have been attacked with partial paralysis of the hands and arms, after having devoted some time to the practice of modelling in wax.

USEFUL INFORMATION.—The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of Soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines, (required to be made very stiff,) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilette table.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.—In the last number of *Hall's Journal of Health* there is some sound advice that precisely accords with something we were about to pen, Dr. H. says:

"Like the gnarled oak that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet warm and dry, and snap our finger at disease and doctors. Put on two pairs of thick woolen stockings, but keep this to yourself; go to some honest son of St. Crispin, and have your measure taken for a stout pair of winter boots or shoes; shoes are better for ordinary, every-day use, as they allow the ready escape of the odors, while they strengthen the ankles by accustoming them to depend on themselves. A very slight accident is sufficient to cause a sprained ankle to a habitual bootwearer. Besides, a shoe compresses less, and hence admits of a more vigorous circulation of the blood. But wear boots when you ride or travel. Give directions, also, to have no cork or India rubber about the soles, but to place between layers of the soles, from out to out, a piece of stout hemp or tow-line which has been dipped in melted pitch. This is absolutely impervious to water—does not absorb a particle—while we know that cork does, and after awhile becomes 'soggy' and damp for weeks. When you put them on for the first time they will be as easy as an 'old shoe,' and you may stand on damp places for hours with impunity."

CURE FOR BURNS. The *Gazette Medicale* of France says that, by an accident, charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—A gentleman who has tried the subjoined recipe, pronounces it good, and desires it published for the benefit of all sufferers under this terrible malady:

One teaspoonful of aloes dissolved in one pint of whiskey, the best;—one tablespoonful of Tartaric Acid dissolved in one pint of water. Mix the two, and take one tablespoonful of the mixture three times a day. Take water with Tartaric Acid in it as a drink while using the medicine.—*Edgely Advertiser.*

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Take an ounce of pulverized saltpetre and put it into a pint of sweet oil. Bathe the parts afflicted, and a sound cure will speedily be made.

Salad for the Solitary.

With a brush-wood, Judgement timber: the one gives the greatest Plane, the other yields the durable floor, and both meeting make the best Fire.

PROBLEM.—I have a box which requires a cover just one foot square, and I wish to make a cover to fit it out of a piece of board 9 inches wide and 16 inches long. How can I make it so as to have only one joint?

Answer next week.

In a jolly company, each one was to ask a question. If it was answered the proposer paid a forfeit, or if he could not answer it himself, he paid the forfeit.—Pat's question was:

"How does the little ground squirrel dig his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?"

When they all gave it up, Pat said: "Sure do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole."

One of the rest exclaimed:

"But how did he get there?"

"Ah," said Pat, "that's your question, can you answer it yourself?"

A correspondent of the *Nashville Gazette*, who signs herself 'Sophia,' says that woman is twice as good as man, and proves it thus by the very orthography—W o m a n—double you, O man!

The announcement of the marriage, at Auburn, of Mr. Edward Straw, to Miss Eva Smiley, suggests the probability that he tickled her with a proposal and that she laughed a consent.—*Prentice.*

'Tilly,' said a mother to her daughter, who had seen but five summers, 'what should you do without your mother?' 'I should put on, every day, just such a dress as I wanted to,' was the prompt reply.

What better reason can you guess, Why men are poor, and ladies thinner; Than thousands do for dinner dress, 'Till nothing's left to dress for dinner?

When a man's heart ossifies, or turns to bone, he dies at once; but if it petrifies, or, in other words, turns to stone, he invariably lives too long for any useful purpose.

The regard one shows economy is like that one shows an old aunt, who is to leave us something at last.—*Shenstone.*

There is nothing so bad which will not admit of something to be said in its defense.—*Sterne.*

An editor down East thinks children's games are becoming popular with older persons now a-days, as he has seen several gentlemen chasing hoops in the streets.

WASN'T I THERE TOO.—At a recent election in this State, a lad presented himself at the polls to claim the benefit of the elective franchise.

Feeling a deep interest in a favorite candidate, the father who was evidently opposed to the boy's preference, stood at the ballot box and challenged his right to vote, on the ground of his not being of age. The young man declared he was twenty-one years old, that he knew it, and insisted on his right.

The father, becoming indignant and wishing, as the saying is, to "bluff him off" before the judges, said:

"Now, Bob, will you stand up there and contradict me? Don't I know how old you are? Wasn't I there?"

Bob looked his contempt for the old man's speech as he hastily replied:

"Thunderation, s'pose you was, wasn't I, there too?"

This settled the sire, and in went the scion's vote.

THE OBTUSE JUDGE.—A certain North Carolina Judge was noted for his obtuseness in all cases where there was a laugh to come in. On one occasion the District Attorney desired to have a case continued, in which one Sarah Momy was a witness, and as she was absent—he remarked:

"Your honor, I cannot try this case without Sarah Momy" (ceremony); there was some laughing but his honor couldn't see the point!

A few days after as he was riding home alone, the revelation of the fun of the Attorney's remark flashed suddenly on his mind—he laughed immoderately, and continued laughing very loudly as he rode up to his own door. His wife, attracted by the unusual phenomenon of the Judge's merriment, came out and inquired:

"Why, my dear, what are you laughing at?"

"I am laughing at one of the District Attorney's jokes," and straightway the Judge collapsed again in a convulsive fit of laughter.

"Well, what was the joke," said the wife. "Why," replied the Judge, "the Attorney said when I urged him to proceed with the trial of a case, 'Sir, I cannot try it without Mary Momy'."

"But," said the wife, "I don't see the point of that joke."

"Nor I neither, just now," said the Judge musingly, "but I did a few minutes ago."

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